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JOHN MILLER GRAY

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JOHN MILLER GRAY

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS
1895

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REVIEW OF PATER'S MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

From *The Edinburgh Courant*, 4th April 1885

REVIEW OF PATER'S MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

IN his new volumes Mr. Pater gives us the imaginary biography of Marius, an Italian youth living at the close of the second Christian century; and the book, while it includes incidentally many vivid and exquisite pictures of antiquity and its life, is mainly occupied with the 'sensations and ideas,' with the intellectual development, of the hero of the story.

His early days are spent quietly with his widowed mother at a little villa or farm some few miles from Pisa, among the hills of Luna. Naturally of an earnest and devout disposition, he is much influenced and impressed by the old Roman religion, which forms a kind of atmosphere around him, and by the wise and solemn instructions of his mother;—'a white bird,' she would tell him, looking at him gravely, 'a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hands

of his good genius on the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled?' All through his life we feel the solemnising influences upon him of this early time. Like the speaker in Mr. Browning's 'Fears and Scruples'—

> 'All his days he goes the softlier, sadlier,
> For that dream's sake'—

and the impressions that were then received formed a restraining influence amid the freer practice of later years, 'kept him serious and dignified amid Epicurean speculations.'

The second period of the life of Marius opens when, after the death of his mother, he proceeds to Pisa, to mix with fellow-scholars, and to imbibe the learning of the time. Here, especially through the influence of a young friend, Flavian, Marius is introduced into the world of letters. The reading of the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius forms an epoch in his mental history; he enters heartily into the schemes and efforts of his companion to mould the common Latin of the period into some true work of art, to use it with the utmost possible exquisiteness, making 'of it a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word as though it were precious metal, going back to the original and native

sense of each, disentangling its later associations, and restoring to full significance its worth of latent figurative expression, reviving or replacing its outworn or tarnished images.' But soon Flavian dies. At the end of a long summer day, spent in verse-making, he is smitten by the plague, and passes away like a flower withered in the scorching sunshine. Marius is overwhelmed by the loss, by the sad sense of finality conveyed by these white ashes of his friend which he has borne to burial; and he turns with eager interest to the works of the philosophers, to find what comfort they can give him concerning this fleeting life of man. He studies Lucretius, Epicurus, Heraclitus, Aristippus of Cyrene; and gradually he formulates his own accepted scheme of thought. Profoundly impressed by the perpetual, the resistless flux of things, must he not simply accept the passing moments as they come, and strive to wring from each its utmost, its most refined product? Must he not believe in 'life as the end of life'? 'If he could but count upon the present; if a life, brief at best, could not certainly be shown to lead anywhere beyond itself; if men's highest curiosity was indeed so persistently

baffled—then, with the Cyrenaics of all ages, he would at least fill up the measure of that present with vivid sensations, and those intellectual apprehensions, which, in strength and directness, and their immediately realised values at the bar of actual experience, are most like sensations.' So he diligently applies himself to purify and refine his spirit, to train himself in all high and selected ways, that he may be sensitive to the best things that each moment may bring; he grows marvellously skilful in what one has called 'the building houses of beautiful thought—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.'

And now the scene again shifts, and Marius removes to Rome, to become a secretary to the Emperor Aurelius. With the keenest interest he enters on the life of the metropolis, paces its streets, watches the superb solemnities of its civic and religious processions. He is brought into intimate personal relations with the noble Stoic monarch; he listens to the orations of Cornelius Fronto, sups with Apuleius, discourses with Lucian; but, after all, the greatest and most determinative influence of the time is his introduction to the Christian community in Rome. His friend

Cornelius is a member of this community, and through him Marius obtains a glimpse at least of its domestic life, of its strange soul-stirring religious ceremonies, of its tombs inscribed with words of hope. Of all this the impressiveness to Marius is extreme; here he finds a new beauty, even, given to human life, the signs visible and unmistakable that a quite new race of men had been born into the earth. They 'might have figured as the earliest handsel, or pattern, of a new world, from the very face of which discontent had passed away.' What a hope illuminated these people, lit up their very countenances, and grew audible in their songs; what an outlook their faith gave them 'beyond the flaming ramparts of the world' into a region of which his own philosophy had no word to say

But of this community Marius never formally became a member, for his death was near. The persecutions against the Christians had blazed forth afresh; and, while returning from an absence from Rome, he is seized along with Cornelius, as one of the hated sect. By a final act of self-sacrifice—which seems no orderly development and issue of his theory of things, but rather some sudden, irresistible

stirring within him of the good natural man —he procures the escape of his friend at his own imminent peril; and then, worn out by the fatigue and hardships of a forced journey, he dies at a country hamlet, esteemed as a martyr by the Christian villagers who tend his last moments, and comfort him with the rites of their Church.

More confessedly and exclusively than most books of the kind, this is a philosophical novel. Yet it entirely escapes the besetting sin of dulness which so commonly attaches to this form of literature, and from which even its best known and most typical example, the great German one, is by no means wholly free. It is filled throughout with an exquisite sense of beauty, and its descriptions of landscape and of old Roman life are executed with the hand of a master. As examples of the former we may refer to the view in the neighbourhood of Rome given in Chapter XIX., or to that other from the house of Cecilia in Chapter XXI.; while lovely instances of the latter will be found in the picture of the *Ambarvalia* with which the book opens, and in the curiously contrasting chapters which describe the feast in honour of Apuleius, and the visit

of Marius to the Christian tombs. Admirable versions, too, of various classical tales occur throughout the volumes, like 'The Story of Cupid and Psyche' and 'The Story of the Halcyon,' of which the one may be compared with the verse of Mr. Morris, and the other with the prose of Mr. Ruskin, in his 'Eagle's Nest.'

Regarding the style of the book, no words of praise seem excessive for its finish and precision. It is written with singular quietude, with the most entire negation of the merely rhetorical; but each word, each phrase, is selected with perfect judgment, is the fittest that could be found for the expression of the thought which it carries. Evidently this strange and beautiful book is one to whose production many hours of patient labour have been unsparingly given,—and given wisely, for they have turned it into an exquisitely polished work of art.

THE OLD EDINBURGH STREET IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1886

From *The Magazine of Art*, August 1886

THE OLD EDINBURGH STREET

FOLLOWING the excellent example of the 'Old London Street' in the International Exhibition of the metropolis, the directors of the Edinburgh Exhibition have added a very popular element to their display in a reproduction of some of the most interesting and picturesque of the edifices that formerly graced their 'romantic town.' The designs to be adopted for this old Edinburgh Street were fixed upon by open competition; and the choice fell upon those submitted by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, the young architect who executed for Mr. Gladstone that restoration of the ancient City Cross which he presented to Edinburgh. The selection has proved in every way a fortunate one. Mr. Mitchell has entered upon his work with both knowledge and sympathy, and has executed it with substantial correctness, and with taste as well.

As we have indicated, we are presented with reproductions only of such buildings as

are now among the things of the past, as have vanished before the invasion of modern utilitarian improvement: surviving structures like Knox's House, Ramsay's Shop, and the thick-set square tower of St. Mary Magdalene's Chapel, with its quaint guild-hall beneath, in which the old Scottish painted glass—rare, indeed, in this ultra-iconoclastic land—is still *in situ*, are left to be discovered, in their very actuality, by the visitor. But in his re-creation of the past, Mr. Mitchell has been in possession of unusually full and accurate material. Scotland has always been fortunate in the number and the enthusiasm of her antiquaries—immortalised by Sir Walter in the person of one of the earlier and less critical of the fraternity. Among the artists, Turner, Nasmyth, Gibson, Ewbank, Lizars, Somerville, Drummond, Wilson, and quite recently Mrs. Stewart Smith and Mr. Le Conte, Mr. J. M. Bell, and Mr. F. W. Simon have recorded the historic stones of her capital, each in his own fashion—now with the dry baldness of literal transcript, now tending towards poetic generalisation and artistic subordination and adjustment of material; while Daniel Wilson and Robert Chambers have added such literary

comment and description as leaves little to be desired. And, sad to say, in such of the most picturesque of his reproductions as Cardinal Beaton's House and the Bow-head Corner House, the architect might almost have trusted to his unaided recollection, for their originals have vanished from sight within the memory of quite junior citizens.

Leaving the long glass-roofed central court of the Exhibition, passing its cases of pulpit-robes, and its Egyptian temple, curiously reared of patterned waxcloths, we make our bow to that crowning development of the Nineteenth Century—a huge locomotive, polished and shining, spick and span as my lady's chamber, and enter through the Nether-Bow Port, upon the quaintness and the quietude of 'the antique world.' Here all is homely and 'careless-ordered,' with no undue formality or precision, no wearisome sameness. The gables and dormers ridge the sky with a fine irregularity; timber is mingled with stone, and both with rough 'harled' mortar; windows are thrust out where windows are wanted; when an ampler upper chamber is required it is simply projected beyond that beneath—use and not uniformity has guided

the happy builders, whose vanished structures are here reproduced. In quite primitive fashion the kennel flows down the middle of the rough-paved street; the mellow and varied colours of the building-stones have been admirably imitated; the tiles, among whose chinks mosses and lichens have been cunningly planted, and some of the blackened woodwork seem to be veritable antiques removed from dismantled houses; the doves that flutter overhead and nestle among the roofs tend to increase the air of verisimilitude; mottoes, weighty with divine or mundane wisdom, are carved curiously above the doorways; and from twisted iron rods in front of the booths depend quaint sign-boards, not flaming with the full potency of heraldic 'tinctures' and 'metals,' like the shields upon the clock-tower of Lord Bute's mediæval stronghold, which startle the stranger as he leaves the busy streets of stirring, modern Cardiff, but worn and wan of hue, subdued and tempered to their time-dimmed surroundings.

A closer and continued inspection tends to dispel the illusion. The eye takes in the stream of muslin- or tweed-clad tourists,

and perceives that the costume of the fair stall-keepers reproduces rather the court-dress of the Sixteenth Century than the garb of the humbler classes of that time; while, for the most part, their merchandise is obtrusively modern in character; mackintosh-capes and indiarubber overshoes seem hardly in keeping with the tiled and timbered penthouse of an old Edinburgh 'booth.' In one stall, indeed, that occupied by Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co., we have an interesting collection of examples of typography, from the Bible of Mentelin to the latest issues of Firmin Didot and Glady Frères, and curious specimens of types, matrices, composing-sticks, ball-stocks, and other adjuncts of the printing-office; and here, too, an old wooden press, similar to that upon which the original edition of the Waverley Novels was printed, is at work throwing off copies of an excellent sketch of Sir Walter Scott's life, and a quaint little leaflet, dealing with the early Scottish printers, and illustrated with facsimiles of the woodcut devices that figured on their title-pages.

There is one typical variety of old Edinburgh handicraft which the jewellers' booths, of which there are several in the street, might

have provided—the silver 'Luckenbooth Brooches,' which at the beginning of the last century formed the customary betrothal gift among the humbler classes. Of these James Drummond has figured some interesting examples in his folio of Scottish arms and ornaments. They were shaped in the form of a heart, or of two interlacing hearts, more or less disguised and conventionalised, in decorative fashion, and inscribed with double initials and the date, or with a homely distich :—

> 'Of earthly joys
> Thou art my choice ;'

or, sometimes, simply with the reference, 'Ruth i. 16,' significant enough to the Scottish maiden of these days, carrying her thoughts at once to that tender old tale of love which vanquished fondest habitude. Reproductions of these betrothal gifts would have been thoroughly in keeping with the old-world casements of the booths, and might have been valued by visitors as a souvenir—if only as a curious relic of a bygone time, in which faith and fidelity were both still possible.

The Nether-Bow Port, through which we enter the Old Street, was the chief of the six

main gates in the city wall—the 'Flodden Wall,' which was erected for the protection of the capital after that most disastrous defeat of the Scots by their 'auld inymies of Ingland.' It formed the main approach from London, and also from the seaport of Leith. The building here reproduced was erected in 1606; it appears to have been copied from the old Port St. Honoré of Paris, and the stout, circular towers that flank its entrance are similar to that which still survives at the north-west angle of Holyrood. Above the central gate there rises a great square tower, battlemented at the top, and surmounted by a stone spire—the same that may be seen in the Scottish Loan Gallery of the Exhibition, in Duncan's picture of 'The Entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh,' behind the fine grey vista of the Canongate gables, and the slim, isolated column of the Canongate Cross. This old gate figured prominently in the parliamentary proceedings consequent upon the Porteous Mob of 1736. To punish the offending city a bill was introduced to withdraw its municipal privileges, disband its town guard, and dismantle its Nether-Bow Port. The disgrace was only averted by the

firm and united action of the Scottish peers and members, headed by the Duke of Argyll; a fine was paid by the magistrates to the widow of Porteous; and in the matter of the gate a compromise was effected, the gate was allowed to remain, but required to *remain open.* Nine years later it was closed in hottest haste to resist the young Pretender and his Highlanders, and in 1764 it was finally dismantled and abolished, spite of the protest and lamentations of Wilson, the lame schoolmaster and biting satirist, in his 'Sermon preached by Claudero on the Condemnation of the Nether-Bow Porch of Edinburgh.'

On our left hand, as we enter the street, are 'The Twelve Apostles' House,' that used as the 'French Ambassador's Chapel' in Queen Mary's reign, and a timber house which formerly stood in Dickson's Close, and was the home, in 1786, of David Allan, 'the Scottish Hogarth,' the precursor of Wilkie as a painter of subjects of Scottish humble life.

The next edifice, the Bow-head Corner House, is a singularly important and complete example of the overhanging tenements of Old Edinburgh, swelling in girth with each ascending story, and surmounted by a steeply ridged

roof, broken by boldly projecting dormers—a style of architecture which dates from 1508, when the magistrate permitted the citizens to extend their dwellings seven feet over the street, on condition that they employed for that purpose the stout oak grown in the forest of Burgh Muir, which had just been gifted by James IV. to the city. Round the street floor of the Bow-head Corner House there sweeps an open piazza, supported on square oaken beams; the front is full of pleasantly varied line and depth of contrasting shadow, and is decorated between the windows of the second floor with a row of fluted, pseudo-Ionic pilasters. This building occupied the north-east angle of the precipitous West Bow, facing towards the Castle and the Lawnmarket. It was close to the Weigh-house or 'Butter Trone,' where, as the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' relates, Queen Mary, on her entry into Edinburgh in 1561, was met by a quaintly devised pageant—'Ane bonnie barne descendit down fra a cloude as if it had been ane angell,' and presented Her Majesty with the keys of the city and a Bible and Psalm-book; and 'that being done, the barne ascendit in the cloud, and the said clud stekit' (closed).

Beyond the Bow-head Corner House, withdrawn from the main street as befits a domicile of such unhallowed repute, is the gable of the house of Major Weir, that most terrible necromancer of Scottish legend. His history may be read at length in Frazer's *Providential Passages*, a manuscript drawn up by the minister of Wardlaw in 1670, the year of Weir's execution; or in Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, in which the 'late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow' has embodied the Reverend Mr. Frazer's narrative, with little alteration, and no acknowledgment.

Weir was the son of a Lanarkshire farmer. He served as a lieutenant against the Irish insurgents in 1641, and retiring to Edinburgh, he attained the rank of Major in the City Guard, that venerable body which Kirkpatrick Sharpe used to caricature so unmercifully, and whose uniform of red with blue facings is worn by some of the attendants in the Old Street. Weir's austere demeanour—'a tall, black man, and ordinarily looked down; a grim countenance, and a big nose'—won him a reputation for uncommon sanctity among the 'Bow-head Saints;' the faithful women

styled him 'the Angelical Thomas;' 'he became so notourly regarded among the Presbyterian strict sect that if four met together be sure Major Weir was one;' and, especially, his power in extempore prayer was the marvel of all listeners. But it was observed that he never engaged in devotional exercises without grasping his curious black staff, which proved in the end to be nothing less than his necromantic wand. At length he was seized with deadly sickness, made a formal confession of the most detestable crimes possible and impossible, and was judicially strangled and then burnt, frantically refusing all benefit of clergy. His staff also was cast into the flames, and 'whatever incantation was in it, the persons present aver yt it gave rare turnings and was long a burning, as also himself.' Grizel Weir, his sister and partner in crime, after the most extraordinary disclosures, was sentenced to be hanged in the Grassmarket. She asserted that her mother was a witch, as she knew by a certain mark that appeared upon her forehead, and that she herself bore the same; and presently, 'seeming to frown, there was seen an exact horse-shoe shaped for nails in her wrinkles, terrible enough, I assure

you, to the stoutest beholder'—a hint which was seized upon by Sir Walter, and utilised in his *Redgauntlet.*

The shades of the guilty pair still haunted the scene of their crimes. At dead of night the Major might be seen in a cloud of fire, careering through the air, mounted on a headless charger; or sauntering, black-clad and demure of aspect, through the darkness of the Lawnmarket, his cane preceding him like a link-boy, and bearing a lantern to light its master's footsteps. And then, towards morning, a carriage would be heard thundering down the Bow; it would pull up at what had formerly been Weir's door, and presently drive off again, bearing the Major *home* after his night of respite. Would-be tenants of the dwelling were scared on the first night of their occupancy by a weird apparition, which took the form of a ghostly, calf-shaped monster, that appeared to them as they slept, pranced with its forefeet upon the bed, grimly contemplated its trembling occupants for a certain space, and then grew dim and melted into the moon-beams; and the house remained empty and deserted, a place to be passed with shuddering, till its removal in 1878.

The next building that claims our attention is a tall stone structure, raised clear of the street upon heavy piers and strong circular arches, and surmounted by picturesque 'crow-feet' gables. It was the residence of the Earls of Selkirk, and afterwards of the Earls of Hyndford; but it has still more interesting associations as the home, in girlhood, of Anne Rutherford, the mother of Scott. From her father, Dr. John Rutherford, a pupil of Boerhaave, celebrated as a clinical lecturer, it passed to her half-brother, Dr. Daniel Rutherford, known as a skilful botanist, and in chemistry, as the discoverer of nitrogen, and became a kind of second home to the novelist himself during his school and college days.

Passing the 'Laus Deo' House and the 'Cunzie House,' or Mint, we find the east side of the 'Street' occupied by the house of Andrew Symson, the printer. It, of course, dates from a much earlier period than his—from the beginning of the sixteenth century—for Symson was not one of the first of the Edinburgh printers, like the Walter Chapman and Andrew Myllar of the 1509-10 *Breviarium Aberdonense*. He was the Episcopal clergyman of Kirkinner, and was ejected from his

living in 1688. He acted as secretary to the learned Sir George Mackenzie, the 'bluidy Mackenzie' of Scottish tradition, whose *Observations on the Acts of Parliament* he re-edited in 1698. His life as a printer ranges from about 1700 till his death twelve years later.

Next comes the Oratory of Mary of Guise —a portion of the Guise Palace erected on the Castle Hill, under the protection of the guns of the fortress, after the English invasion of 1544 and the destruction of Holyrood. It was probably the richest of all the Old Edinburgh dwellings, delicately panelled and painted within, furnished with carvings in stone and carvings in rare wood brought from overseas, and provided in one of its inner chambers with a draw-well bored deep through the Castle rock—a safely-nested spot of French refinement amid its ruder Scottish surroundings.

The south-east entrance of the street is a model of the finely-groined Gothic porch erected by Abbot Bellenden in 1490, as the main approach to Holyrood Abbey; and abutting on this is the huge turreted pile of the Tolbooth, or city prison, with its railed and open platform, upon which executions were

enacted, and with the celebrated 'Blue Blanket,' the banner of the Trade Guilds, floating from its summit. Beneath the platform, isolated in the centre of the street, stands the City Cross; and behind it the hexagonal tower of Cardinal Beaton's House.

This important mansion was erected by James Beaton, Chancellor of the kingdom, Archbishop of Glasgow, and finally Primate of Scotland; and was the scene, in 1520, of that historic meeting between Beaton and Gavin Douglas, on the morning of 'Cleanse the Causeway,' the bloody fight between the rival factions of Angus and Arran. A struggle seeming imminent, the gentle and learned poet-bishop of Dunkeld visited the residence of the Archbishop to entreat his priestly aid as a peacemaker between the contending parties. Beaton protested his helplessness in the matter; but, striking his breast to emphasise the assurance, the armour that, in anticipation of battle, he had concealed beneath his episcopal robes, rang out with a hollow sound. 'How, my Lord,' was the reply of Douglas, 'methinks your conscience clatters.'[1]

[1] In Scots the word means indifferently 'to ring like metal' and 'to disclose secrets.'

During the fight the Archbishop, in the words of Buchanan, 'flew about in armour like a firebrand of sedition;' but the Angus faction won the day. Arran and his son escaped precipitately across the 'Nor' Loch,' mounted on a collier's horse; Beaton took refuge behind the altar of the Dominican Church, and owed his life to the intercession of the peaceable Bishop of Dunkeld. The youthful James v. is believed to have resided in this house after his flight from Stirling Castle and final escape from the clutches of the Douglas faction. It passed from the Archbishop to his nephew, Cardinal David Beaton, in whose time Queen Mary here graced by her presence the wedding festivities of the Earl of Moray; and in 1555 it was used for the accommodation of the High School of the city.

Among the other interesting buildings that are reproduced are the Old Parliament Hall, with the Parliament Stairs; Robert Gourlay's House; the Assembly Rooms in the Bow; and the Black Turnpike, formerly the house of Provost Sir Simon Preston, in which Queen Mary was confined after her surrender at Carberry.

It should be said that a useful historical

and descriptive guide to the various buildings has been prepared by Mr. J. C. Dunlop, the Convener of the Old Edinburgh Committee, and his sister, Miss Dunlop, and illustrated by vigorous little sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. It will be valued by all visitors who desire not only to enjoy the visual picturesqueness of the Street, its pleasantness of varied form and mellow colouring, but also its other 'remoter charm by thought supplied,' which comes from association with strange or stirring human deed.

THE MONTICELLI EXHIBITION

From *The Academy*, 28th January 1888

THE MONTICELLI EXHIBITION

THE Messrs. Dowdeswell have at present on view in their Galleries, New Bond Street, along with other things of interest, a comprehensive collection of the works of Adolphe Monticelli—a painter as yet not widely known in this country, though a small but well-selected series of his works was included in the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1886. That he was at least an artist of the most pronounced individuality will be apparent to every visitor to the Exhibition, though there may be more diverse opinions as to whether his especial individuality was legitimate and a thing to be praised.

The works now brought together represent several periods of his art, each clearly marked and distinguished by qualities of its own. At first he was academic, and aimed at classical correctness of clearly defined form. Ingres was then his master, the far-off divinity before whom he bowed. Of this period, No. 56, 'La

Jeune Mére,' is fairly representative—a work of extreme interest, but interesting solely as a link in the painter's career; interesting, in relation to his future work, for its almost total lack of artistic value, or even of artistic promise—a work dull and formal in the definition of its masses, commonplace exceedingly in the character of its figures, feeble in the colouring of its grey-green wooded distance, and worse than feeble in the ruddy touches, so isolated and unrelated, which express the flowers that cluster round the vase. In No. 1, 'La Fenaison,' we find a distinct advance. This has clearly been done under the influence of Diaz. It is rather cold in general effect; there is a want of half-tones; its shadows sink too suddenly into absolute blackness, and its passages of warm colouring are still somewhat patchy and isolated; but it is, on the whole, a craftsman-like and pleasing work, the production of a man who is speedily gaining the power of doing what he will in his chosen medium. No. 14, 'Dames et Enfants aux Champs'—especially in the treatment of its figures—connects itself more definitely with the first-named picture and its period. Yet its colouring—the vivid and

sunny green and gold of its landscape—points, with sufficient distinctness, to the Monticelli of the future—to the Monticelli whose fully developed manner we know and value. In the productions of the next period—typically represented by works like No. 6, 'La Harpiste;' No. 9, 'Dolce far niente;' No. 10, 'L'Invocation aux Dieux;' No. 41, 'Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais;' and No. 46, 'Au Clair de Lune' —the painter may be said to have 'found himself,' to have asserted his artistic individuality, and at length spoken in his own artistic tongue. The subjects of this period are commonly parties of ladies, seated or reclining on the turf of gardens, on the sward of forests, or on the rocks of the seashore. Already the painter has reached the fullest subtlety of his colouring, though in his later works he frequently deals with more potent tones and combinations; the landscape surroundings are broadly treated; the classical draperies of the figures are gracefully but vaguely generalised; and in each case the heads and faces are handled with much refinement and delicacy, with a beauty of dexterous finish which derives an additional piquancy from its contrast in method to the other portions of

the work. We next pass to subjects like No. 19, 'L'Entrée du Manoir,' and No. 24, 'La Musique.' Here passages of delicate detail are wholly absent; but we find a certain definite blocking out of each figure, and frequently the most skilful and swiftly synthetic suggestion of form and action, along with greater force and power of ardent colouring than distinguished any former phase of the artist's work. Finally, we have a period of Monticelli's art where he seems to have abandoned form altogether, in which he blends tint with tint, and opposes pigment to pigment without any reference at all to 'the things signified,' with no more aim to represent the qualities and appearances of natural things than we find in a Rhodian plate or a Persian carpet —a time when he seeks to be an exponent of the pure sensuous delightfulness that lies in colours subtly combined, and of this alone. 'Finally' we said; yet it is hardly so, for there is in Monticelli's art a more ultimate finality still, a 'last scene of all,' a phase in which his work shows that his colour-sense had at length deserted him, and that in losing this he may be said to have

lost all artistic value. Fortunately this phase—one sad enough to contemplate—is wholly unrepresented in the present collection.

'A colourist—that certainly,' will probably be his characterisation by those who have made the round of this gallery lined with his work. 'A great colourist,' it might be added, without fear of serious question. And a colourist of a curiously exceptional range and variety. For almost all the greatest colourists of the past and the present, whether they have aimed at delicacy or at force, whether they have been Correggio or Titian, Orchardson or Watts, have in a sense been mannerists; for their works show constantly recurrent combinations of colour, certain definite harmonies and contrasts of hue which are habitual to each master, and by which his productions are recognisable. But in the case of Monticelli, it is not too much to say that, if he sought for little else, he has at least taken all colour 'for his province;' that his colour-schemes are exceptionally varied, and their range unusually wide; that he passes at will from colour potent and startling as a trumpet blast to colour

delicate and cool and silvern as the sound of a stream rippling beneath the moonlight; and that his productions are recognisable as his, less by any recurrent and habitual combinations of hue, than by peculiarities of touch and handling which—as was to be expected—are sufficiently well marked in the art of a painter who, in much of his most typical work, seems to have discarded the time-honoured intervention of the hog's hair-brush, to have had a prejudice in favour of applying his pigments directly and undiluted from the mouth of the metal colour-tube. The variety of his colour is excellently emphasised by the arrangement of the present gallery, where No. 57, 'Scène du Jardin,' with its greys and blues opposed by blacks and reds, is placed beneath the glow of potent orange, culminating in fullest crimson and paling into delicate gold, of No. 58, 'La Dame au Perroquet;' and the wan effect of dying day, with the dusky temple, and blue-clad suppliants, in No. 10, 'L'Invocation aux Dieux,' is set beside the ruddy joyous warmth of No. 9, 'Dolce far niente,' with its white dominant sculptured shape and the whiter necks and breasts of recumbent women flash-

ing in points against the embrowned tones of herbage and of forest trees.

But a deliberate examination, a comprehensive criticism of Monticelli's work, will disclose that it contains much of worth besides that which relates solely to colour. His treatment of form is admittedly arbitrary and capricious; but it is nearly always most skilfully selective, and suggestive in a quite singular degree. As examples of this, we may instance the female forms to the right and left of No. 24, 'La Musique.' How expressive they are, with all their slightness; how admirably, how rightly and thoroughly, each figure is felt beneath its robe! Or—to turn to works even more summary in their handling—take the dogs in No. 52, 'L'Avenue,' and No. 51, 'La Cadeau de Fleurs.' Is not each touch here laid with the most definitely calculated intention, with the most complete success? Could touches as few as these have placed the creatures before us more vividly, more completely? Does selective work like this not prove that the painter is no sloven or blunderer, but a man who in his youth had mastered form in its elementary, its academic and strictly measurable sense, and won medals

—many of them—for such student work, and then passed on, quite deliberately and with clearly seen purpose, to a far subtler and finer perception and portrayal of form? Again, in his landscape work, Monticelli frequently attains great excellence in truth of tone and relation, and in rendering of atmosphere. As illustrative of these qualities, we may indicate the light grassy bank to the right of No. 36, 'Paysage—Automne;' No. 32, 'L'Arche,' which is filled and flooded with such a sense of clear, silvery, morning air; and No. 55, 'Sur la Terrasse,' with the amplitude and vastness of its space of sky.

We are far enough from asserting that Monticelli has said the last word in Art. Painting has other and higher things within its range than he ever aimed at; but none more typical, or in stricter harmony with its own especial genius. And in these days when the boundaries of the arts are so frequently confused, when graphic art so often tends to become merely literary—to be a narration, or a 'preachment' of moralities—there is room enough, and need enough, for a painter like Monticelli, who concerns himself so exclusively with the things proper

and peculiar to his own chosen craft, and contents himself with manifesting to us the most subtle and exquisite delights of colour, at which no other art than the painter's can do much more than vaguely hint.

MR. WHISTLER'S 'TEN O'CLOCK'

FROM *The Scottish Leader*, 11TH JUNE 1888

MR. WHISTLER'S 'TEN O'CLOCK'

THE twenty-nine tiny pages of Mr. Whistler's 'Ten o'Clock'—announced so long ago—have at length emerged from the printing press, clad in characteristic vesture of brown paper cover. As we presume most of our readers are aware, the pamphlet is a reprint of a lecture delivered by the dexterous and whimsical artist, in London, Cambridge, and Oxford, about three years ago. In both style and matter it marks a distinct advance upon Mr. Whistler's previous pamphlet, the yet briefer 'Art and Art Critics' of 1878, occasioned by Mr. Ruskin's remarks in 'Fors Clavigera' upon the author's pictures, and the consequent trial which consoled the aggrieved painter-plaintiff by an award of one farthing damages. But in this literary effort of 1878 Mr. Whistler's personal feelings were too closely engaged; he wrote at something like a white heat; and, while the paper purported simply to discuss the general question of whether the

existence of the art-critic was of advantage to any one besides himself, the personality of one special critic was, all through, clearly in the writer's memory—from that first page dealing with 'the *difference* between Mr. Ruskin and myself'—so Mr. Whistler mildly phrased it—to that final one in which Mr. Ruskin was politely recommended to resign, as incompetent, 'his present Professorship' of Fine Art in the University of Oxford.

In this lecture, however, though Mr. Whistler has been unable altogether to avoid repeating himself, though some inner necessity has compelled him, as by an 'attraction of repulsion,' to return to the art-critics who have been his life-long tormentors, and to say over again much the same things of them that he said before, he, in the main, confines himself to the far more important subject that he has chosen; and what that subject is he discloses to us at the outset with the most engaging ingenuousness—'I will not conceal from you,' he says touchingly; 'I will not conceal from you that I mean to talk about Art.' And to talk about Art he forthwith proceeds—to talk about it brightly, incisively, suggestively. His style has gained infinitely in lightness and

flexibility; he writes—but for an occasional word or two, and some slight eccentricities of punctuation — like a man not only to the manner born, but also to the business trained, and he carries to perfection that 'knack of short paragraphs' which he used to consider the crowning achievement of the typical French art-critic. And at times, too, the cynical Mr. Whistler falls—surely by mischance and pure inadvertency—into veritable prose-poetry, and actually, like any 'most gentle priest of the Philistine,' 'ambles pleasantly' and 'babbles of green fields.' The following, for example, is exquisite word-painting, for which we thank him, though it has been produced in defiance of his own code of artistic ethics: 'When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man, and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they

have ceased to see, and nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone.' The description here is 'done to the quick;' it is a verbal analogue of many a 'Nocturne' from the painter's brush; it might be a transcript in words of one of the lovely Thames views in his set of lithographs—of that finest subject of the set, that only really fine one of the portfolio, as his enemies—among whom are not we—might assert.

But if Mr. Whistler now proves himself a more competent writer than heretofore, no similar gain, no parallel increase of power, is visible in his recent work as artist. He paints no 'Portrait of the Artist's Mother' now; he gives us no 'Thomas Carlyle' in these later days; and the sixty guinea 'Venice Set' of plates — much as they charm the thorough-going Whistlerite — would never have made the reputation that was worthily won by the etcher of the 'Thames Series' of thirty years ago. Does all this mean that Mr. Whistler has gained the power of talking about Art, and is losing the ability to produce it? That were loss indeed—to him and to us. May we look

to find him — having dropped paint-brush and etching-needle — grasping the pliant goose-quill to furnish forth an infallible guide to the beauties of the Royal Academy in this our present year of grace, or to write, with a fine and quite inevitable impartiality, a review of that gallery of the 'British Artists' from which he has just withdrawn himself?

Well, we may hesitate to allow that the professional painter—even one so curiously skilful as Mr. Whistler—would prove that ideal art-critic for whom all painters long. We may believe that there is truth in the old proverb that 'onlookers see most of the game;' and that a certain detachment from the ferment of the conflicting theories and practice of the various schools, from the masters and their disciples, is needful for him who seeks calmly to weigh and rightly to estimate the worth of the art that is being produced around him, or that comes as his heritage from the past. A practitioner's view of art is inevitably one-sided, narrow, wanting in comprehensiveness. If self-confident and successful, he values the qualities he has himself attained; if modest and a

failure, he lauds those for which he has striven; and this, inevitably, to the more or less complete exclusion of the thousand qualities (some of them incompatible with others) which have each their place in the sweeping curve, the full-rounded orb, of the art of the human race.

Yet in the writings of artists upon the subject of their daily practice there always lies a peculiar interest. When a painter publishes a descriptive catalogue of his pictures—as Blake did in 1809, and Madox-Brown in 1865 — one turns to it with avidity, certain of finding something that will explain or illustrate *the art of its individual writer*. In a similar direction lies the value of Mr. Whistler's present pamphlet — in its clear statement of that theory of art which has guided his own practice. He errs in assuming that this is the only true theory, that art of worth has never been produced upon quite other lines. For example, Mr. Whistler preaches, in good set phrase, the doctrine of 'Art for Art's sake,' though without any of the repulsiveness of similar 'preachments' and practice by certain of our contemporaries

among the French. He believes that the sole legitimate charm of Art is a sensuous one—that Art is purely a thing of lines, hues, combinations of tones, and the effect of these upon the beholder. With Art, he says, all should be upon the surface; and he complains that 'people have acquired the habit of looking, as who should say, not *at* a picture, but *through* it, at some human fact that shall, or shall not, from a social point of view, better their mental or moral state.' The phrasing of Mr. Whistler's sentence, the form into which he has cast his proposition, recalls a quaintly pregnant verse of George Herbert's:—

> 'The man that looks on glass,
> On it may stay his eye;
> Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
> And then the heavens espy.'

And Art, surely, may well be as some choicely fashioned glass, on whose surface we may, for a moment, 'stay our eye;' but which, rightly regarded, has the power of disclosing vistas into the farther 'heavens' of sentiment, of reverie, of aspiration. Mr. Whistler's words express very clearly one side of a truth, not perhaps the most important side, but

certainly that least regarded by the public of our time. It is, indeed, true—we see it daily — that the imagination of a person of average, or more than average, general culture may be appealed to by a very poor picture; and that, meanwhile, he may miss altogether 'the *painter's* poetry' — as Mr. Whistler excellently has it — 'the amazing invention, that shall have put form and colour into such perfect harmony that exquisiteness is the result.' But is this a conclusive reason for the artist's ceasing altogether from his effort to stimulate the imagination of those who are to regard his picture? The statement of the full truth surely is this—that a painter must first of all vindicate himself as such by evincing command over his chosen material, by proving his power to manage form, colour, light and shade, so as to render these in themselves delightful; and must then pass to the expression, by means of these, of something broadly human. Mere words and their combinations are capable of a pleasantness; rightly ordered, they have a sweet jingle of their own, just as colours have their own special fairness; but we ask the writer for

something more than this,—we expect him to *say something*, to state some human fact, or express some human sentiment.

It has been so with the great masters of Art in the past. Take the 'Entombment' of Titian, visible to all men in the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre. Here there is enough and to spare of merely sensuous charm, the ardent crimsons oppose the dusky tones right nobly; but what is technical in the work does not culminate in itself—is pressed to the finer end of deepening a human emotion, of realising the broad facts of a great historical scene. And with Velasquez, Mr. Whistler's chosen master, the case is none other; he was concerned in the technical problems of his art with a delighted concern, but not preoccupied with them to the exclusion of all else. We remember well once passing from Mr. Whistler's 'Sarasate,' in Suffolk Street, to the 'Philip IV.' of Velasquez, in Trafalgar Square, and the lesson gained by the directly sequent sight of the two pictures will not be soon forgotten. Mr. Whistler's portrait was a most dexterous 'Arrangement in Black'—and, saying this, all was said. The Spaniard's was a technical achievement

which included far more than the other painter had aimed at; and it gave, besides, a vision of his sitter—flesh and spirit—such as the art of Mr. Whistler has, in recent years at least, never even striven after.

There are a multitude of other points in Mr. Whistler's pamphlet which we would willingly deal with. We would gladly discuss his theory of Art and its relation to the masses. 'The masses'—the term, in any such connection, would make Mr. Whistler shudder. 'Art for all and by the aid of all'—demands the nobly humanitarian voice of Mr. Morris. 'Art is for the artist,' responds, in effect, Mr. Whistler, 'Art is for myself, and for Velasquez, and for Rembrandt'—and the perfect truth lies between the two.

Again, his theory of the artist's relation to nature is well deserving of attention; his theory that 'Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music,' that 'the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science these elements;' that 'in all that is dainty and loveable in nature'—'dainty and loveable' *to the eye*, he clearly means—the painter 'finds hints for his own

combinations;' and that 'to say to the painter that nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano.' But we have written enough to show how exceedingly 'full of matter' is this little pamphlet. With all its flippancy, with all its hyperbole and force of one-sided epigrammatical presentiment, it is a distinctly fresh, suggestive, and valuable contribution to the literature of the Fine Arts.

REVIEW OF MICHAEL FIELD'S UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

From *The Academy*, 22nd July 1883

REVIEW OF MICHAEL FIELD'S UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

MICHAEL FIELD—that gifted, that diligent, poet—has in the past produced much that is passionate, much that is beautiful—the passion showing with intensest flame in her dramas and in *Long Ago*; the beauty seen perhaps at its most typical flower in the lyrics of *Sight and Song*. But the present volume, the last that its writer has produced, is pervaded by qualities which, while they by no means appear here for the first time, yet certainly are here more recurrent than hitherto; do certainly find here the most sustained as well as the most clear and perfect expression that they have yet reached.

The mystery of human life, the mystery of its visible ending, have indeed haunted this poet throughout her whole poetical career. Not wonderful that! so elemental is the subject, so inevitable are the thoughts—the

'thoughts too deep for tears'—that it suggests that no poet can escape from its shadow, or from the brooding sadness, that is not all sadness, which the shadow strikes into human hearts. But what substantially distinguishes the present volume from those that have preceded it is the changed, the ennobled, temper which the poet has now brought to the contemplation of death. It is a temper of mind which—in the calmness of it at least, in the altitude in which it abides, in the rarity of the air which is vital to it—is essentially Wordsworthian.

Of this especial mode of regarding the shows of mortal life, and its vapour-like vanishing, we have already had indications in such poems as the 'Shepherd Boy' of *Sight and Song*; and readers of that poem will require no further words of mine to indicate my meaning. But the mood which in *Sight and Song* was sparsely episodical, here pervades the book from end to end. The opening 'Invocation' of the volume shows us

> 'The white swan, that fair diviner,
> Who in death a bliss descrying
> Sings her sweetest notes a-dying!'

In the first poem of the First Book of these

songs we see mortal love intensely triumphing over mortality—

> 'Heaven itself is but the casket
> For Love's treasure ere he ask it,
> Ere with burning heart he follow,
> Piercing through corruption's hollow.'

And if its final poem ends the book with a burst of lyric appeal to Bacchus for his inspiration, we may be sure that it is the rightly divine Bacchus who is here invoked; and that the wine prayed for is nought but that draught of strong poetic vintage that shall clarify and not dim the eyes, that shall make them keen to divine the shows of the world, and to pierce into that ether of the imaginative existence which girds it, and begins where the rim of our mortal world ends.

The real significance, the deepest emphasis of the book, as well as the high-water mark of its artistry, must be sought for in poems like 'Death, men say' (p. 8), or 'Others may drag at Memory's Fetter' (p. 32), or 'Bring me Life of Fickle Breath' (on the following page), or 'Death, for all thy grasping Stealth' (p. 35), or 'Solitary Death' (p. 38), or 'Yonder slope of sunny ground' (p. 42), or that lovely memorial poem, 'No longer will she bend'

(p. 51). But instead of bare catch-lines, let me give a pregnant quotation: brief, but an entire poem:—

'Others may drag at memory's fetter,
May turn for comfort to the vow
Of mortal breath; I hold it better
To learn if verily and how
Love knits me with the loved one now.

'Others for solace, sleep-forsaken,
May muse upon the days of old;
To me it is delight to waken,
To find my Dead, to feel them fold
My heart, and for its dross give gold.'

Or take this equally brief piece, thinking as you read it—as perforce you must think—of Browning's 'Still Ailing Wind:'—

'Come, mete me out my loneliness, O wind,
For I would know
How far the living who must stay behind
Are from the dead who go.

'Eternal Passer-by, I feel there is
In thee a stir,
A strength to pierce the yawning distances
From her gravestone to her.'

The absence of passion from such poems as the above, the substitution for passion of something intenser still, is characteristic of all the pieces in the book dealing with the memory of the dead, and with the deathless love of the living.

How, exactly, the poet conceives the case of those who have passed out of mortal bounds, it is difficult clearly to gather. Probably her faith on this matter is no steadfastly ascending temple-flame; probably it flickers fitfully, this way and that, like the thoughts of so many of us in this wind-blown age. At any rate, we find here no faintest echo of that 'Certain am I,' which sounded through the song the 'solemn Tuscan fashioned,' hardly a hint of the mediæval conception of a future—which for some of us must still be a constant conception, and one not merely of bygone ages and of bygone personal moods—in which men and women are substantially men and women still, who 'look so and so, and press actual hands.' Our poet has not yet attained to think that the entering into bounds, the becoming severely conditioned, the undergoing that birth of a spirit 'come in the flesh' with all the straightness and pain which such 'coming' means, is, indeed, nothing other than progress, is gain which can never be dropped, or lost, in a wisely and justly ordered universe.

Yet the pantheistic conception of things, short as it may fall of actual, sufficing, everyday comfort, is one certainly capable of ex-

quisite poetic issues; and the conception has never been more exquisitely handled—handled with more of the rare, thin, fine poetry of which it is capable—than in 'Winds To-day,' with its vision of the dead holding in their hands—and outpouring them—all the subtle, spiritual essences that green the face of our visible world year by year:—

'Winds to-day are large and free,
Winds to-day are westerly;
From the land they seem to blow
Whence the sap begins to flow
And the dimpled light to spread,
From the country of the dead.

'Ah, it is a wild, sweet land
Where the coming May is planned,
Where such influences throb
As our frosts can never rob
Of their triumph, when they bound
Through the tree and from the ground.

'Great within me is my soul,
Great to journey to its goal,
To the country of the dead;
For the cornel-tips are red,
And a passion rich in strife
Drives me towards the home of life.

'Oh, to keep the spring with them
Who have flushed the cornel-stem,
Who imagine at its source
All the year's delicious course,
Then express by wind and light
Something of their rapture's height!'

Most exquisite again, in a similar mood, is the address to Death, ending:—

'To a lone freshwater, where the sea
Stirs the silver flux of the reeds and willows,
Come thou, and beckon me
To lie in the lull of the sand-sequestered billows:

'Then take the life I have called my own,
And to the liquid universe deliver;
Loosening my spirit's zone,
Wrap round me as thy limbs the wind, the light, the river.'

Or, yet again, the lighter touch of

'Little Lettuce has lost her name,
Slipt away from our praise and our blame;
Let not love pursue her,
But conceive her free
Where the bright drops be
On the hills, and no longer rue her!'

So far as I have yet dealt with the book, I have dealt rather with its matter than its manner; but its diction also is well worthy of comment. Language, whether it be French, Latin, and the like, or simply that pictured and richly tinted language which is the speciality of the poet and the man of letters, is a thing to be learned, to be acquired by study—a thing that hardly comes instinctively to any one. Michael Field is not only, as I have said, a gifted and a diligent poet, she is also a learned one; a curious student of all the fine

and expressive ways of verse, and of the artists, old and new, who have devised or employed the most varied poetical tools. Manifestly she has studied many authors, in languages not a few, and studied them to her own poetic profit; has, by means of that study, been enabled to express more adequately and directly than would otherwise have been possible, thoughts and feelings that are still personal and essentially her own. Even without the hint conveyed in one of the verses of p. 81, the discerning reader might easily have guessed that

> 'Campion, with the noble ring
> Of choice spirits,'

who were his song-writing contemporaries, had been a dominant influence in moulding Michael Field's poetic method; the lyric work of Browning's later volumes has undoubtedly formed—consciously or unconsciously—the chief model for such free sparkling pieces as 'Say, if a gallant rose my bower doth scale;' and the opening lines of 'A shady silence fills' (p. 104), recalls quite curiously a certain fine descriptive passage in 'Fifine at the Fair.'

I have dwelt much on the seriousness—of subject and treatment—that characterises the

present book. But let it not be thought that, even here, its writer's muse constantly haunts the grave and busies itself with mere moonlight-coloured meditations upon the dim, far-off future. Let me disprove any such possible suspicion by a single quotation, a song of love jubilantly satisfied:—

'Through hazels and apples
My love I led,
Where the sunshine dapples
The strawberry bed:
Did we pluck and eat
That morn, my sweet?

'And back by the alley
Our path I chose,
That we might dally
By one rare rose:
Did we smell at the heart
And then depart?

'A lover, who grapples
With love, doth live
Where roses and apples
Have naught to give:
Did I take my way
Unfed that day?'

I think it is not the mere charm of novelty, the sense that this is the latest poetic gift of a generous poetic giver, which inclines me to believe that the present is the book of hers that will be oftenest in my hands, the one whose contents will be oftenest in my memory.

PINKIE HOUSE

From *The Scottish Art Review*, August 1889

PINKIE HOUSE

PINKIE HOUSE, which architecturally is one of the most interesting and picturesque of Scottish mansions, is situated, pleasantly embowered in its woods, in Midlothian, a little to the east of Musselburgh, in the midst of a historic locality, for near it are the famous battlefields of Pinkie, of Carberry, and of Prestonpans.

It is to Alexander Seton, first Earl of Dunfermline, President of the Court of Session and Chancellor of Scotland, that the house owes certain of the most striking features which constitute it an excellent example of the Scottish domestic architecture of the early part of the seventeenth century—a period of transition, when the necessity for great military strength had become less imperative than was formerly the case; when the castle had begun to change into the mansion; and when, in consequence of the Union of the Crowns, English fashions and features were being in-

troduced into Scottish buildings. The Earl whose biography has recently been written in so scholarly a manner by Mr. George Seton, was a mighty builder, and to him we owe also the still finer Castle of Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire. He acquired Pinkie previous to 1613; indeed, probably before the end of the sixteenth century. At this time the mansion seems to have been little more than a strongly fortified tower. Much of the adjoining property, especially on the farther side of the Esk, including the estates of Monkton and Stoneyhill, had been owned by the Abbey of Dunfermline, whose Chapter had worked the coal of the district as early as the twelfth century. The massive eastern tower of Pinkie, with its strong and curious winding staircase, has been assigned to the fourteenth century by a competent architectural authority, and his conjecture is confirmed by a deed, of which a copy is in the present baronet's possession, where it is stated that the tower was raised by the Abbot of Dunfermline in 1390. The Chancellor's chief addition, in the more modern taste of his time, was the celebrated Painted Gallery, and the fine oriel in the south front which lights it, a style of window evidently

imported from England, very unusual in Scottish architecture, though other examples occur in Huntly Castle, Maybole, and The Earl's Palace, Kirkwall. The Chancellor's share in the work is recorded in Kingston's 'Continuation of Maitland's House of Seytoun,' by the statement that 'he acquired the lands of Pinkie, where he built ane noble house, brave stone dykes about the garden and orchards, with other commendable policie about it,' and by a modestly phrased inscription—'Dominus Alexander Setonius hanc ædificavit, non ad animi sed fortunarum et agelli modum, 1613'—cut upon the front, but now concealed by the modern additions about the entrance, erected in the beginning of the present century.

As we approach the door of the mansion, our attention is arrested by another piece of the Earl's work, by the well in the centre of the courtyard, a beautiful and elaborate example of Renaissance architecture, which, in our own time, has been reproduced for the Tweeddale Monument at Haddington. It rises to the height of twenty-four feet, supporting, upon four Roman Doric columns and piers connected by rounded arches, an open lantern

or canopy of four pointed arches, surmounted by an ornamental vase. The structure is richly decorated with the monograms and heraldic devices of the Setons, and is inscribed round the sides with a quotation from Horace, on the south side, † FONTE . HOC . FRIGIDIOR; on the east, QUO NONVEL PURIOR . ALTER; on the north, ET CAPITI ET MEMBRIS; and on the west, VTILIS VNDA . FLUIT. We are informed by Sir John Hope that this well exhibits the most marked similarity to the work of Vignola, who was much employed by the Farnese family, and was the architect of their palace at Caprarola, near Viterbo; and Sir John considers it probable that Seton, whose early residence and education in Italy must have familiarised him with foreign art, employed Italian workmen upon this and other portions of the Pinkie buildings.

A recessed or arched bower in the centre of the east front of the house—beneath the long row of seven tall chimney stalks which are so characteristic a feature of the mansion—bears the arms of the Hays with the date 1697, and was constructed after Pinkie (which had previously been inhabited by another lawyer, Lord Clerk Register James Makgill of

Rankeillour, who died here in 1578) had passed into the possession of the Tweeddale family, by whom it was held from 1690 till 1778, when it was acquired by Sir Archibald Hope, Bart., of Craighall, grandfather of the present owner.

Before quitting the exterior, we may direct attention to an excellent old four-sided Scottish sundial, built into the top of the garden wall. It is surmounted by a finial, resting on four stone balls, which is richly carved with clusters of fruit, and ends in a picturesque metal pennon.

The Entrance Hall, a portion of the recent additions to the house, contains a superb example of French furniture, a magnificent cabinet of wood, mounted, in the richest Louis Quatorze style, with gilded metal-work; and a companion cabinet, similarly decorated, stands in the Inner Hall. Each of the doors of the cabinet is adorned with the conventional brass scroll-work of the period, the wreaths being surmounted by naked cupids, symbolical in their employments of the arts and sciences —one of music, one of astronomy, another of architecture, and a fourth of painting and sculpture, the rather *décolletée* bust, which is

being chiselled by the chubby children in the last compartment, showing, we believe, the features of Madame de Maintenon. According to family tradition, these splendid pieces of cabinetmaker's work formed part of a set, including the celebrated coin-cabinet, which, on account of its contents, was purchased by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland from the Faculty of Advocates, with the view of completing the numismatic collection of their museum. At the time of its purchase the value of the cabinet was estimated at £50; but gradually its excellence, as an example of French art of the early eighteenth century, came to be recognised, and in 1881 it was sold for the sum of £3500, an amount which, ever since, has furnished the Antiquaries with a much needed little fund for the extension of their museum. The coin-cabinet is understood to have afterwards changed hands several times, always at a very substantially increased price, and to have found a final home in the collection of a member of the Rothschild family. It would appear that the two pieces at Pinkie were executed, by order of Louis XIV., to contain a set of Sèvres china which he intended as a gift to Charles II. of Spain, but

the relations between the monarchs having become less cordial, the idea of presentation was abandoned; the cabinets were exposed for sale in Paris, and were purchased by Thomas Hope, a physician, third son of the eighth baronet, and by him bequeathed to his nephew Sir Archibald.

On our way to the Dining-Room, we pass through a small ante-room, where an excellent impression of Seymour Haden's 'Breaking up of the Agamemnon' and a photograph of the vessel as she appeared off Naples in 1760 remind us that Rear-Admiral Thomas Hope, a late brother of the present baronet, was the last commander of this famous old ship of war.

In the dining-room, which has been modernised, and presents few of its original features, with the exception of the fine oriel at its end, are hung the greater part of the more interesting family portraits; though that of Sir Thomas Hope, the founder of the house, is in the Drawing-room, and will be referred to when we come to deal with that apartment. The family portraits at Pinkie may be said to present us, in brief, with a consecutive view of the history of portraiture in our country, for

they include examples of many of our best known portraitists from the days of Jamesone to those of Raeburn and of his pupil Syme.

The portrait of Sir Thomas's son, Sir John Hope, the second baronet, a characteristic and well-preserved example of George Jamesone, hangs in the Dining-room. It is a bust-portrait, the face being turned in three-quarters to the right. He is represented as a man comparatively young, with a bright and intelligent face, a profusion of dark-brown hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, and a short moustache. The costume is a black doublet slashed with white at the breast and sleeves, with a round white collar; and the picture in every part, especially in the dress, bears evident traces of Jamesone's brush. Sir John Hope was a personage who played an active part in the history of his time. In 1632 he was appointed a Lord of Session, with the title of Lord Craighall; and the origin of the right claimed by the Lord Advocate to plead covered before the bench is commonly stated—though the assertion is a more than doubtful one—to have arisen from the fact that he and his two brothers were judges during the time that his father held the office of King's Advocate. In

1638 Lord Craighall refused to take the King's Covenant, until it should have been explained by the General Assembly; in 1640 he was a member of the Committee of Estates; in 1644 a commissioner for the planting of churches; and in 1645 he was sworn a Privy Councillor. In 1651 his brother, Sir James Hope of Hopetoun, was accused of having advised Charles II. to make certain concessions to Cromwell, and pleaded that the recommendation was Lord Craighall's, who had advised that the King should 'treat with Cromwell for the one-halff of his cloake before he lost the quhole.' Craighall was cited to appear and answer the charge, but no further action seems to have been taken in the matter. He became a commissioner for the administration of justice, and appears to have acted as president of the court; and he died in Edinburgh in 1654.

The portrait of his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Archibald Murray of Blackbarony, a fair-haired, hazel-eyed lady, with an individual face, is also an excellent Jamesone, and especially interesting as an example of the costume of the period. She wears a stiff muslin collar, standing out on each side; the dress is of brown, richly brocaded in gold and colours,

worn low at the breast, where another space of stiff muslin appears, and is fastened with a red rosette of ribbons. Large pearl earrings are worn, and from each a larger pearl depends by a black cord. A delicate necklace of gold and black enamel, with a pendant of dark stones, hung round the neck by another black cord, complete the decorations of this old-world lady.

Above this picture is placed a most typical and unmistakable example of the portraiture of Sir John Medina, the painter who was patronised and introduced into Scotland by David, Earl of Leven, about 1688, and whose works are to be found in most of our Scottish mansions. This is a portrait of Sir Thomas Hope, who passed Advocate in 1701, and succeeded his cousin as eighth baronet in 1766. He occupied himself much in improving his estates, and drained the lands to the east of the Meadows of Edinburgh, where Hope Park Crescent and Terrace still witness to the fact by bearing the family name. He was member of Parliament for the County of Fife, and constantly voted against the Union. An ardent Jacobite, he was 'out' in the '15; and, in consequence, was obliged to seek

refuge in Holland with his kinsfolk the Hopes of Amsterdam. In the present portrait, an oval, he appears in the long curling wig of the time, with a round well-conditioned face, a clear-cut mouth, dimpled at the corners, and dark eyes and eyebrows; the costume being the usual white cravat and a crimson gown lined with blue—an opposition of positive colours very characteristic of Medina's work.

The companion portrait of his wife, Margaret, eldest daughter of Ninian Lowis of Merchiston, is even a more successful example of the same painter; indeed, we should rank it as, on the whole, the very best of the many portraits by Medina that we have examined. There is great dignity and beauty in the little head set so daintily on the slender neck, with the soft brown hair rising above the forehead, and sweeping in a great curl over the lady's right shoulder; and the loose gown of the period—crimson lined with blue, the rippling whiteness of the under-garments set against the delicate flesh-tints of the breast, and the blue mantle laid over the left shoulder, are excellently managed.

Beneath these portraits of Sir Thomas Hope and his lady hangs the likeness of their son,

Archibald Hope, younger of Craighall, and that of his wife, a daughter of Dr. Hugh Todd, both by Allan Ramsay. The former is a fair average specimen of the artist's male portraiture, the face solidly modelled and thoroughly painted, if a little hard and bricky in the tone of its flesh. The lips are fine and clear-cut, the nose prominent, the eyebrows dark and bushy, and the head surmounted by a short grey wig; the dress being a grey velvet coat, single-breasted, and disclosing a blue vest embroidered with silver. Like his father, whom he predeceased in 1769, Archibald Hope was an enthusiastic Jacobite. In his turn, he was concerned in the Rebellion of 1745, and was present at Culloden—as a civilian however, not as a combatant. After the defeat he was in imminent danger of being captured, and was driven to the strangest expedients in order to secure his safety. Finally, he took refuge in—of all places—the Edinburgh Tolbooth, where he was concealed by a friendly turnkey who had been a tenant on his father's estate of Rankeillour. Here he had the grim satisfaction of learning day by day of the capture of his Jacobite friends.—'So-and-So was secured this morning, and So-

and-So; but as for that young Hope of Rankeillour, we can hear nothing of him!' At length advice was received that a vessel was about to leave Leith for Holland, and Hope quietly walked away from the 'sweet security' of his prison, safely embarked, and was sheltered and befriended—as his father had been thirty years before—by his Amsterdam cousins.

The portrait of his lady shows a portly dame, with rich masses of dark-brown hair, touched here and there with the soft gleam of a string of pearls, dark-brown eyes, a full rounded chin, and a little mouth evincing the most determined resolution. The colours of the costume, the blue ribbons and the purple mantle, are pleasingly harmonised with the dress of white satin, a dress rendered in that accomplished manner with which Ramsay's female portraits—notably his full length of Lady Mary Coke—have so often made us familiar. The lady was as staunch a Jacobite as her husband, and, to boot, a most uncompromising Episcopalian, for she had been trained under Atterbury, who was Dean of Carlisle when her father was a canon. An amusing anecdote of her peculiarities used to

be told by her son, the ninth baronet, to his daughters, who communicated the story to their nephew, the present owner of Pinkie. In advanced life, when a widow, she resided near her son; and he, hearing one day that his mother 'had somewhat against him,' resolved to visit her and make his peace. The interview progressed in the most satisfactory fashion, in the interchange of old-world courtesy; and Sir Archibald, thinking that the imperious lady was in her best of humours, rose to bid her adieu. But he was arrested by his mother remarking, in her mildest tone, 'I 've something to say to you, Archie, if you can just sit down for a minute.' His chair was resumed, and she continued: 'I hear, Archie, that you were seen in the parish kirk on Sunday.' Truth obliged Sir Archibald to admit that he had been one of the Presbyterian worshippers; and then she went on, still in her most softly modulated voice: 'I just wanted to tell you that if I hear you 've been seen there again, the same room will never be able to hold you and me both.' 'Very well, ma'am,' rejoined the good baronet—courteously, though with unsatisfactory indefiniteness—taking his leave: 'But,' he used to add, in

telling the story to his daughters, 'I never went to the parish kirk again, for I knew she would keep her word.'

The likeness of her son, Sir Archibald, the ninth baronet, and his wife, are two very typical examples of the portraiture of David Martin, a pupil of Ramsay's—his favourite pupil 'Davie'—whom the master summoned to join him in Italy, with his drawings, 'to show' the president and scholars of the Roman Academy 'how we draw in England.' The portrait of Sir Archibald exhibits the strong, definite, and not very refined colouring which characterises the male portraits of this painter. His sitter is clad in a brilliant scarlet coat, turned out with green and embroidered with silver at the button-holes; and on his breast the Nova Scotia badge is suspended by its orange ribbon. The head is rounded and wears a short grey wig, the eyes are hazel, the features by no means finely chiselled, and the chin double. The portrait gives us a very good idea of the shrewd, practical personage that the baronet was, a worthy country gentleman, devoted to the improvement of his estates, establishing salt and coal works, and ruling his rude dependants in a despotic, but

not unkindly, fashion. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, president of the Caledonian Hunt in 1789, and, in his day, kept kennels and stables at Pinkie. His burly figure and strong face were portrayed by Kay in an etching titled 'The Knight of the Turf,' where he appears, booted and spurred, leaning against his horse's neck.

The portrait of Elizabeth Patoun, his second wife, has more of that grace which Martin reserved for his female likenesses. She is clad in filmy, greyish-white drapery, her masses of brown hair brushed high above her forehead, and falling in heavy curls round her neck and shoulders.

A few other portraits hang in the dining-room, representing various personages more or less connected with the family of Hope. Two of them are attributed to Jamesone; and of these the likeness of Jane, a daughter of the seventh Lord Gray, who, in 1610, married John, first Earl of Wemyss, is a genuine and characteristic example of that painter; the costume of black, slashed with white, being painted with a certain peculiar tone, a delicate silvery shimmer, which is like the sign-manual of the artist to those who are familiar with his

work. The picture that hangs above it is titled on the back, certainly in error, 'Sir Hugh Wallace of Woolmet, Knight, about 1630, Jamesone.' It cannot possibly be the work of the painter named, for the whole costume—the long, curling, light-brown wig which surmounts the regular-featured, blue-eyed face, the large rose-coloured rosette at the throat, and the cravat and gown of dark blue figured with gold—is of a period not earlier than the time of Charles II. Judging from its style, we believe it to be the work of a French artist.

Of Sir Archibald Hope of Rankeillour, second son of Lord Craighall, raised to the bench as Lord Rankeillour in 1689, and knighted by King William, we have an interesting three-quarters length by Sir John Medina—a picture showing him clad in red judge's robes, with a resolute face, strong aquiline nose, a firm mouth with curved lips, hazel eyes, and a chin well rounded and slightly dimpled. In his right hand he holds advanced a bundle of law-papers, his left rests on a parapet, sustaining a vellum-bound volume, and holding a handkerchief; and behind are columns and curtains and a glimpse of landscape.

The companion work, a seated portrait of his wife dressed in an elaborate costume, is also ascribed to Medina. Probably it is one of those works of which Walpole tells us that the painter came to Scotland 'carrying with him a large number of bodies and postures to which he painted heads.'

To our left at the oriel window hangs another interesting portrait assigned to Medina, though the style both of flesh and costume is more suggestive of Lely. This oval picture shows a buxom lady, richly dressed, and with wide expanse of face and breast. She is Lady Margaret Leslie, daughter of John, fifth Earl of Rothes, who was successively wife to James, Lord Balgony; to Francis, Earl of Buccleuch; and to David, second Earl of Wemyss; and from whom, accordingly, are descended the noble Scottish houses of Leven and Melville, Buccleuch, and Wemyss.

Leaving the dining-room, we ascend the staircase, which is a modern part of the house, though the fine metal work, of hammered iron enriched with balls and bosses of brass, is a reproduction of the original balustrades. Here is hung an imposing gallery full-length of Sir John Hope, the eleventh baronet, painted,

standing beside his charger, in the uniform of the Midlothian Yeomanry. It is the work of John Syme, R.S.A., a favourite pupil of Sir Henry Raeburn, who, after the death of that painter, completed many of his unfinished portraits. The present picture was commissioned of Raeburn during his lifetime; he had painted in the horse when his death occurred; and the work was then taken up by his pupil upon a fresh canvas. It shows, like all Syme's productions of this period, the clearest signs of the influence of his master, whose style he somewhat weakly imitates; its execution being altogether wanting in the individual force, the firm and definite, if rather hard, handling which characterises those works of Syme in which he is most himself, such as the 'Dr. John Barclay' in the National Gallery of Scotland. The present picture has been engraved in mezzotint by Thomas Hodgetts, in a plate of which there are two states, the later embodying certain changes in the uniform which had taken place since the portrait was executed. Here too hangs a portrait of Sir John's wife, Anne, fourth daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, Bart., of Ballindean, by Syme, painted as a companion

full-length, but now judiciously reduced in size.

On the staircase also hang a series of medallion portraits in oil of the Caesars, executed in a rough and ready, but quite telling and effective fashion; works of the school of Rubens, and similar in general character to the classical heads bearing the name of the great Flemish painter, which are well known through the contemporary engravings of Bolswert and Pontius. One medallion of the series, that representing Julius Cæsar, was left at Rankeillour when the family removed from that house, where it is still preserved. The top of the staircase is decorated with two of the original 'Stirling Heads,' carved in oak, that were formerly part of the decoration of the King's Room in the palace of Stirling Castle, erected by James v. about 1529, and demolished in 1777. Thirty-eight of these heads, of which several are believed to be portraits of the monarch and of persons of distinction at the time, were engraved in 'Lacunar Strevelinense,' a volume published by Blackwood in 1817, with letterpress understood to be from the pen of John Gibson Lockhart.

We now pass into the library, where we

find some excellent wood-carving, dating from the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. Here, too, there hangs an interesting picture, acquired by the present baronet in Spain, in 1862. It is inscribed with a conjoined F and P, enclosed within an oval, the monogram of Francisco Pacheco (*b.* 1571, *d.* 1654), the scholarly painter of Seville, who was master and father-in-law of Velasquez, and is known also as a poet, and by his *Treatise on Painting*, published in 1649, which is still valued for the information it contains regarding Spanish artists. The present oblong canvas shows half-length figures of three saints clad in Dominican habits, and is carried out with all the exactitude characteristic of a painter who was appointed a Familiar of the Inquisition—'Inquisitor of Art,' in 1618, and who devoted pages of his erudite treatise to a 'code of rules for representing in an orthodox manner sacred scenes and personages.' The saint who stands in the centre, with his fine attenuated face raised and looking upwards, is evidently St. Hyacinth, the evangelist of Northern Europe, who is said to have extended his mission from the shores of Scotland to China. He bears in his hands

his proper attributes of the pix containing the Host, and the image of the Virgin and Child, in memory of his rescue of these sacred objects, which he snatched from the altar when his convent at Kiov in Russia was attacked and sacked by the Tartars; and then, being pursued by the pagans, flung himself into the rain-swollen waters of the Dniester, which miraculously sustained him, so that he walked across the river as on dry land. The female saint to our left, laying one hand on her heart, and bearing in the other a stem of blossoming lilies, is no less evidently St. Catherine of Siena; but we have not yet been able to identify to our satisfaction the male saint on the right, who bears a book and holds aloft a golden key from which a second, of iron, depends, and who, like the others, is clad in Dominican robes of black over white.

Opening from the library is the Drawing-Room, and this apartment also is richly decorated with wood-carving, which is interesting in its way, though it is modern, executed by the carpenter on the Pinkie estate. Over the fireplace, let into the panelling, is the portrait of the founder of the family, Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, the first Baronet. This 'first

stock-father' of the race was great-grandson of that John Hope who came to Scotland in attendance on Magdalene, Queen of our James the Fifth. He passed Advocate in 1605; and in the following year he became notable for his learned and spirited defence of the Presbyterian ministers charged with treason by the Crown for having attended a General Assembly which had been convened at Aberdeen without royal authority. 'Mr. Thomas Hope had never pleaded before the justice-clerk before,' says Calderwood, 'yitt nothing was wanting in him in that actioun, that was to be found in the most expert lawyer. His pleading that day procured him great estimatioun and manie clients.' In 1626 he was appointed colleague to Lord Advocate Sir William Oliphant, then old and infirm, on whose death, in 1628, he succeeded to the undivided honours. He figured prominently in the struggle initiated by Charles I. for the recovery of the Church lands in Scotland and for the establishment of Episcopacy in that kingdom. In his diary he records in most laconic fashion the Jenny Geddes episode in St. Giles: 'This day the Service book begoud to be read in the Kirks of Edinburgh, and was interruptid be the

woman'—indeed, 'twas whispered, the King's Advocate was himself privy to the uproar, and had recommended to certain 'matrons' of his acquaintance that 'they and their adherents should give the first affront to the book;' though he never finally cast in his lot with the Presbyterians, and, while maintaining that the Covenant of 1638 was not illegal, he never signed it. He prosecuted for the crown in the famous trial of Lord Balmerino—a trial so momentous in its bearing upon the fate of Charles himself. But he was spared the sight of the fall and death of his royal master. He died 1st October 1646, while the Scots army was negotiating with the English Parliament for the surrender of the person of Charles; leaving behind him a solid reputation as the most profound Scottish lawyer of his time, and as one who contrived—and, in his day, to do so required both courage and dexterity—to be substantially true alike to his king and his country. The present baronet is descended from the eldest son of Sir Thomas Hope, and is accordingly head of the house of that name, of which the Earl of Hopetoun, being descended from the great lawyer's sixth son, represents a cadet branch.

The portrait, painted by Jamesone in 1638, and therefore one of his later works, shows the seated figure, turned in three-quarters to the right. He appears in the prime of life, indeed as a somewhat younger-looking man than we should have expected to find him at the time, when we remember that thirty-two years previously he had already become celebrated by his defence of the Presbyterian clergymen. His beard, moustache, and eyebrows are dark, the eyes dark and bluish, the face freshly coloured, and the nose large and prominent. He wears a black cap edged with white lace, and a black gown; the chair is covered with red, and a red-covered table appears to our right; his right hand rests on the arm of the chair, and his left holds a small red book.

In Sir Thomas Hope's Diary, a MS. still preserved at Pinkie, and printed by the Bannatyne Club, in which among very dry business details we occasionally catch some human glimpses of the kindly, devout, superstitious nature of the man, there are two references to his portrait by Jamesone. Under date of '20 July 1638, Friday,' he notes, 'This day *William* Jamesoun, painter (at the ernest desyr of my sone, Mr. Alexander), was

sufferit to draw my pictur'—mistaking the Christian name of the artist, confusing him with his brother, 'Williame Jamesone, writtar in Edinburghe;' and under the following Friday he enters, 'Item, a second draucht be William Jamesoun.'

The portrait exists in various versions. A good one is in the possession of Thomas Bruce, Esq., of Arnot Tower; others are that in the Parliament House, Edinburgh, and that formerly in the possession of Lord Justice-Clerk Hope; a bust-sized version, engraved in Pinkerton's *Scottish Gallery*, is at Hopetoun, and another, formerly at Rankeillour, is now at Luffness.

To our left of the portrait of Sir Thomas Hope hangs another admirable family picture, which indeed may rank as the most accomplished work of art that Pinkie contains. This is a bust portrait of Hugh Hope (*b.* 1782, *d.* 1822) of the East India Company's Service, second son of the ninth Baronet, by his second wife. It is the work of Raeburn, and a masterly example of that painter, showing—in every touch that expresses the fair hair, the blue eyes, the full, fresh-coloured face, and in the details of the crisp white ruffles, the dark

brown coat, the yellow vest—that easy power of swift, unlaboured, expressive brush-work, for which Sir Henry is unrivalled among Scottish painters.

Another family portrait in this room deserves its word of mention, a small bust likeness attributed to David Martin, over a door. It shows the dark, keen, richly coloured face of Captain Archibald Hope, eldest son of the ninth Baronet, and half-brother of the Hugh Hope mentioned above. He died, a prisoner of Hyder Ali's, at Seringapatam, in 1782. According to family tradition, he was the very officer who was chained to Sir David (then Captain) Baird, and whose fate called forth Mrs. Baird's pitying exclamation, as she remembered her son's restless and impatient temperament: 'Lord pity the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!'

On the opposite wall hangs a large and important Spanish picture, acquired, like the one in the Library, by Sir John Hope in 1862. It shows the Madonna, with the child on her knee, surrounded by circles of cherubs and angels; and the chief portion of the work is believed to be from the brush of Juan del Castillo, the master of Murillo and of Alonzo

Cano, while the larger foreground cherubs at the foot are attributed to Pacheco.

We now pass to the Painted Gallery of Pinkie House, which forms one of the most characteristic, individual, and interesting of its features—an apartment 85 feet in length, 19 in breadth, and about 13½ feet in height, lighted from the east side by a row of five windows, and from the south end by that noble oriel which also lights the dining-room below. The gallery serves the purpose of a kind of museum or general æsthetic lumber-room. On our right, along its entire length, is ranged a series of quaint old cabinets and chests, Eastern and Scottish, several of them displaying interesting collections of Oriental china; and above them is hung a row of old family portraits, and portrait engravings, interspersed with casts of the large and excellently decorative medallions known as the 'Stirling Heads,' to which we have already referred; while on the other side, between the windows, are book-cases filled with venerable old tomes. Occupying the centre of the room is a succession of small tables, one displaying examples of shells and coral, another serving as a kind of armoury, being covered with foils

and rapiers and fowling-pieces of variously quaint and antique fashion; and the oriel end of the Gallery is occupied by a billiard-table.

Turning to the ceiling, which is the most notable feature of the Gallery, we find that it is composed of planks of wood, each about a foot in breadth, running the lengthways of the apartment, the cove sloping upwards with a gentle rounded curve till it joins the flat surface of the roof. The wood has been covered with a thick white priming, which in many places has been left untouched, and tells as a white pigment in the decorative colour-scheme, in which black is also effectively introduced; the other pigments most prominently employed being a light, variously gradated blue, a light warm yellow, green, brown, and touches of red. In the final sentence of his interesting and valuable 'Notice of the Ceiling' ('Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, 1887-88'), Mr. Seton is in error in stating that the roof is 'without any trace of gilding;' for gold has been employed to a considerable extent both in the lettering of the mottoes and in the high-lights of the scroll-work. The sides of the gallery were originally decorated

in colour in the same manner as the ceiling, but this enrichment was destroyed when the east windows, originally dormers, were altered and enlarged during the last century.

In a manner and taste characteristic of the period, a pseudo-architectural feeling has been preserved throughout the painted decorations of the ceiling; the aim of the artist having been to suggest that the roof, as it curves upwards, is an extension of the walls of the apartment, pierced on each of its sides with a long row of Gothic windows; though curiously enough, within each of these windows—which are depicted as open to the blue sky—the painted representation of a picture has been introduced, enclosed in a frame of black and gold, and duly suspended by a painted ring to a painted brass-headed nail!

The centre of the ceiling is occupied with the painted representation of a great octagonal dome, seen in perspective, as it would appear to a spectator standing on the pavement beneath and looking upwards. This dome is composed of three tiers or galleries, supported on columns and open to the blue sky; and on the parapet of the lowest of these galleries is perched a company of half-naked, rosy, and

green-winged cherubs or angels, designed with a considerable feeling for grace of contour and attitude. Most of them are busied with harps and other musical instruments; but one, daringly foreshortened, faces us bending and taking aim with a golden cross-bow. In the centre of the dome are blazoned, in full heraldic colours and with their due supporters, the arms of that chief builder of the mansion, the first Earl of Dunfermline; and eight other coats, for Winton, Hamilton, and various allied houses, are introduced in the broad band which surrounds the compartment—a border white in its ground, and gracefully decorated with conventional scroll-work in colour, which might afford some excellent suggestions to our modern designers for needle-work. The arms of the ceiling have been expounded with the skill of a thoroughly accomplished herald by Mr. Seton in the paper to which we have already referred. Each of the four corners of this central compartment is occupied by a symbolical picture within a richly decorative oval border of a Renaissance character, like the greater part of the rest of the ceiling; and between these are Latin mottoes within oblong panels.

At the extreme ends of the gallery are two similar painted representations of the interiors of domes, but smaller in size and without the cherubic figures.

The twelve figure-subjects which appear in their painted frames within the representations of pointed windows are rendered in a rough but distinctly telling manner. In their contrasts and combinations of bright definite colouring they are thoroughly decorative in effect, and the figures and faces possess a good deal of homely truth and character. The countenance of the embrowned negro potentate, in the first compartment to our left as we enter the end of the gallery, may be mentioned as a vivid bit of characterisation attained by very simple means. In this subject it is noticeable that the background is a Venetian canal-scene, in which a gondola is introduced; and this circumstance, along with the distinctly Italian character of the street-views introduced in other compartments, at once led me to assign the decorations of the ceiling to foreign painters. Sir John Hope informs me that the tradition in the family has always been that this was the case, that Italian workmen were employed upon this painted ceiling as well as

on other parts of Pinkie. Each of the twelve compartments bears an explanatory Latin motto in black letters upon a white scroll, and beneath it is inscribed a further legend, in gold upon black. Greater value would have been given to Mr. Seton's paper had its author described these figure-subjects with such minuteness as should have indicated their connection with their double mottoes. Thus the compartment already referred to is summarily mentioned as 'a female figure with bandaged eyes, and a dark-complexioned dwarf at her feet.' But the female manifestly stands for Fortune, and the ill-favoured dwarf beside her wears a crown, holds a sceptre, and is clad in royal robes, illustrating the mottoes—'Fortuna non mutat genus,' and 'Bona mens omnibus patet Omnes ad hoc nobiles sumus.' Again No. 17, described as 'two figures accompanied by dogs,' clearly represents a huntsman carrying off to the chase his studious friend—a poet crowned with a laurel wreath, who casts aside his lyre and book, illustrating the motto 'Firma amicitia.' But, indeed, the limits of a single paper—either Mr. Seton's or my own—are quite inadequate to do full justice to this curious old ceiling. In these days when we have among

us so many 'gleaners after Time,' when so many societies and individuals are engaged in exhaustively investigating the things of the past, we look, not without hope, for some adequate examination of this painted gallery at Pinkie. It would form an admirable and rewarding subject for a careful monograph, illustrated with accurate facsimile reproductions in colour of the figure-compartments, along with such transcripts of the ornamental portions as should thoroughly explain the decorative scheme of the entire work; while the letterpress might profitably include a comparison of the Pinkie Ceiling with the panels from the Guise House, Castlehill, the decorations of Dean House, executed in 1627, and the Nunraw ceiling—portions of all of which are preserved in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries; as also with the decorations at Earlshall, Culross, and Stobhall, and those formerly at Collairnie Castle, and in a house at the High Street, Linlithgow, drawings or fragments of which are still preserved. Indeed the whole history of such decorative work in our country—up till the period of the last century interior decorations in Edinburgh, such as those by De la Cour recently existing

at Milton House, the similar works executed by the Nories, and those in the mansion formerly occupied by Lord President Sir Thomas Miller, in Brown Square, Chambers Street—has never yet received the systematic investigation which it deserves.

Several of the other ceilings at Pinkie also merit attention as interesting examples of old Scottish work in plaster. Among these is the ceiling of one of the bedrooms in the oldest part of the house, on the drawing-room floor, an early and rather rude, but spirited and individual specimen, consisting of an oval central decoration of conventional leafage in shallow relief, with a boldly projecting fruit-like boss, along with winged cherub heads in the four corners of the apartment. The richest and most elaborate of all is the roof of the 'King's Room,' which is decorated with Seton arms and monograms, and with heavy projecting pendants, similar to those at Winton Castle. There are also, among the furniture, certain old carved chairs which formerly belonged to Addison. In a third room, opening from the landing of the present stair, and itself forming part of the original staircase, is a ceiling exhibiting much later work, resembling

some of the roofs of Charles the Second's time that exist at Holyrood, its monograms proving that it was executed while Pinkie was in the possession of the Tweeddale family.

OBITUARY OF BROWNING

FROM *The Scottish Leader*, 14TH DECEMBER 1889

OBITUARY OF BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, the strong, brave, white-bearded singer of our time, lies dead in Venice; dead in the most magical of all the enchanted cities of that Italy whose sights and memories sound through half his verse, whose syllables were like music when he spoke them, that Italy—'*my* Italy'—whose name, he said, like Queen Mary's 'Calais,' would be found when he died inscribed on his very heart of hearts. This is neither the time nor the place to attempt any critical estimate of the poetical work of this great dead man. Of Mr. Browning as a poet, it is enough for us now to say that in his vivid freshness, in his width of vision, and in his power of incisive phrase, he is the most Shakespearian Englishman since Shakespeare; and in no poet whatever do we find more of that substantial intellect, that 'fundamental brain-work,' which even so 'æsthetic' a singer as Dante Rossetti perceived and proclaimed to be 'what makes

the difference in art,' to be the final foundation of art built to last;—intellect, of course, not revealing itself in dry and formal fashion, after the way of preacher or schoolman, but coming to us flushed through and through with personality and passion—grown, in short, poetical.

It may be said that it is only of Mr. Browning as a poet that we have here any right to speak; and this would indeed be true if in the man, who ever lies behind the poet, there was anything it were well to hide.

> 'He gave the people of his best:
> His worst he kept, his best he gave,'

is ample, and needful, apology for the life of many a poet—apology which is no light praise. But with Mr. Browning we have the happier case of a singer as great as his song, of an artist whose human personality was as dignified, as high-pitched, as was the most perfect product of his art. To those of us who were honoured by personal relations with the man his death is a double loss—loss of poet, loss of noble friend. To some of us his memory, and the memory of our meetings with him, cannot but rank as among the 'crowning mercies' of life; and London will seem a distinctly poorer

place now that the broad-browed, white-haired head can never again be seen in Kensington. Well we remember our first visit to the poet, more than a dozen years ago, and the impression that his personality made on us, as he stood to welcome us in the wide Warwick Crescent drawing-room, hung with tapestry whose figures gave a first hint for 'Childe Roland,' beside the table covered with those

> 'Arms of Eastern workmanship,
> Yataghan, kandjar, things that rend and rip,
> Gash rough, slash smooth, help hate so many ways,'

which have their place in 'A Forgiveness.' The first dominant impression we received was one of weight, of indomitable strength—so firmly was the square, short figure of this man of sixty planted upon its feet, so large was the head in its relative proportion, so massive every feature of his face, and especially its broad, rounded brow. In hue, as well as in form, there was much that was remarkable, and the chord of colour struck by the combination of pallid flesh tints, grey hair and beard—not yet white as we knew it later—and clear, pale-blue, meditatively observant, not too widely opened eyes—was a thing to remember. But, mark, the silvery pallor of

the skin had in it no hint of feebleness, no touch of the possible invalid; for Mr. Browning was a man who practically never endured a day of ill-health. It may have been due to his prolonged residence beneath the sun of Italy; it certainly gave a foreign suggestion to his aspect. It may have been the visible record of some remote strain in his ancestry; for though his father was English and his mother Scottish, widely varied nationalities are authentically traceable among his remote ancestors: the far East and the West both brought their gifts to this poet, and mingled their currents in the blood that fed his brain —the brain that moved his pen. The suavity of the poet's manner, its sedulous and considerate courtesy was unfailing. A sense of it grew upon one with each succeeding visit; the visits when, in more intimate mood, one would be taken downstairs to the sanctum, where stood the table-desk that was this workman's anvil; and one rare volume and another would be produced from the shelves of old Italian carved wood—Greek volumes that had been '*hers*,' he said, or that first, Latin edition of Gebir, inscribed in Landor's autograph 'To Robert Browning's son.' Pre-eminently

among present-day poets Mr. Browning was one who—in his own phrase—'lived, and liked life's way;' none was ever more absolutely abreast of his times, none more keenly perceptive of the good things that life affords to-day, in this presently existent London of ours. There was no better-known figure in society than his, none more inevitable at the Academy private view, none more constant on Lyceum first-nights. You had a hint of the easily-moving man of polished society in this poet's very aspect, in the very comeliness of his garments, the lustre of his linen, the sheen of his seemly broadcloth, the perfect polish of the watch-chain and its pendant pencil, all in curious contrast to the investiture of the typical poet, a type to which, in this respect, 'tis said, a most eminent surviving singer closely approximates. And it speaks well for Mr. Browning's strength, both as man and artist, that neither man nor work suffered from friction with fashionable life, that—to apply a phrase he himself used, warningly, to a poet friend of ours—he did not 'derogate.' This was a man thoroughly at home amid the pleasant flicker of the street lamps; but never for one moment did he lose consciousness of

the steadfast, impending stars. It was on the very day that his new volume was published that he died; and the latest that we know of him is that he had expressed pleasure at the message, flashed over seas, telling of the warm reception the book had already won. So he died, heart and soul in his work to the last, as man's heart and soul should be. The final poem of this final volume has in it something strangely prophetic. Never has truer estimate of this poet, and of his heartening human message, been made than in its words:—

'One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.'

And those who loved this man must listen to his counsel as he tells his friends, when he is dead, to

'Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"'

CHILDREN OF THE PAINTERS: VELASQUEZ

From *The Children's Guide*, April 1890

CHILDREN OF THE PAINTERS: VELASQUEZ

THIS month we pass from France to 'the Peninsula;' and have to look at the portrait of a little Spanish prince, painted by Velasquez, an artist, who in technical power—in power, that is to say, of laying on colour properly and effectively—was one of the very greatest that ever painted. No artist has been able to make each single touch that he set on the canvas do more towards expressing the features of a face or the folds of a dress than did Velasquez; no man's pictures give one so perfect an impression of there being air in them; of there being space between you that look at the picture and the painted figures at which you look; of there being also space between the nearer of the painted figures and those figures or objects that stand behind them. And these qualities, which I have required a long sentence to tell you about, would be indicated by a painter in some three

or four words. He would just say that Velasquez is great in '*touch*,' in '*tone*,' in '*relation*,' in '*atmosphere*'; and these few words would indicate rather more than my many words have done. So you see it is quite worth while for you to learn the meaning of the 'technical phrases' that painters are accustomed to use; for though it takes some trouble to 'get them up,' yet, when you really do know them, they save much trouble in the end. They enable you to express your meaning directly and without any fuss, and save you from going round about to join together many ordinary words so as to express, at best clumsily, what a 'technical phrase' expresses concisely, expresses neatly and at once.

When we were speaking last month about Chardin, we said that the society which surrounded him was, much of it, a gay, frivolous society, but that he himself painted the more sober and quiet part of that society. He painted the middle-class people, who stayed at home except when they went to the shop or market, and whose pleasures were very quiet and domestic pleasures. But in Spain, where Velasquez worked, things were different indeed. 'The gay land of France,' we say; but when

we think of Spain, somehow, dark historical memories cross our minds; memories of the Inquisition, and of the tortures of Jews and Moors, and thoughts of bull-fights, and of the Armada with slaves rowing the galleys that carried shackles meant for Englishmen's wrists. And we are apt to call Spain 'the grim land, the land of ferocity and gloom.' But then, to all this there is what you may call 'the other side of the medal.'

Just as France has its virtues of gaiety and light-heartedness, to set against its frivolity (and 'a merry heart goes all the day,' as the old song says, and is a right good thing to have), so Spain was distinguished by gravity and dignity, as well as clouded by gloom. And the expression of this dignity is one of the very things that strike you most in the portraits of Velasquez. He painted very little else besides portraits; and you never in your life saw such gravity, such dignity, such quietude on the faces of any painted portraits as on those that shine out so softly from the canvases of Velasquez. Just look at the little Prince who comes to meet us this month; what solemnity sits beneath that far too lofty brow! One is ready to say of him, as St.

Christopher said of that Divine Child whom he carried, and whose weight was like to sink the giant in the flood that he was crossing, 'O child, child! surely thou bearest the weight of all the world upon thy shoulders!'

The weight of a great slice of the world at any rate this royal infant had every prospect of carrying: but 'wisest fate said "No;"' for before his sixteenth year he had become what one of our old dramatists calls 'a dweller in the high countries.' He was the son of Philip IV., king of Spain, the 'captain' of 'that huge vessel of state' which had 'its prow in the Atlantic and its stern in the Indian Ocean,'—so vast was the domain of which he was master. This king was a most accomplished monarch, and the great patron of Velasquez. He could paint, act, write, and make music. He could do everything, in fact, but *rule*—and he 'the man born to be king'! How sad that he was not also *bred* to be king.

Well, this dignified and accomplished, but not truly kingly, monarch was wedded to Isabel of France, sister of our own Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of the English king, Charles I. And King Philip and his Queen greatly desired a son to succeed to the throne

of their vast dominions. And after ten years of waiting this little son, whom we see painted here, was born. And such joy there was over his coming, such ringing of bells, such kindling of bonfires, you may be sure! And Velasquez, the Court painter, was sent for, and he painted Prince Balthasar Carlos as 'The Child,' and later as 'The Little Rider,' and as 'The Little Sportsman,' finally as 'The Little Wooer,' in pictures that were sent as presents to the friendly courts of Europe. In about his fifteenth year he was betrothed to Mariana of Austria; but shortly afterwards he caught a chill which ended his life. Not till fifteen years later did another son, the child of his old age, come to Philip—a poor, feeble, ill-grown child, who afterwards became the miserable and weak-minded Charles II. of Spain.

If you like this portrait by Velasquez, I shall give another example of his work in a future number, and will then tell you something more about the painter's life.

METAL ENGRAVING: ITS TECHNICAL PROCESSES AND ARTISTIC RESULTS

A Lecture delivered to the Edinburgh Architectural Society, 7th February 1894

METAL ENGRAVING: ITS TECHNICAL PROCESSES AND ARTISTIC RESULTS

I SUPPOSE that we are all agreed—you, my audience, and I, the lecturer—I suppose we are all agreed that the pleasure which we derive from a work of art, from a picture or a drawing, depends in great measure upon our knowledge of and interest in the subject which the artist has set himself to depict. So that, other things being equal, he who has most deeply loved, most closely studied, nature, will be best able to appreciate the efforts of the landscapist; so that he who knows best and has most sympathy with the life which rustic labourers lead beneath the open sky, will be most strongly attracted by the solemn pastorals of the French Millet; so that Orchardson will speak most clearly to those of us who are most in touch with the refined comedy—which verges, now and then, on tragedy—of present day and last century manners among the cultured classes.

But besides this knowledge of, and sympathy with, the thing depicted, we derive yet another kind of pleasure from art, a pleasure which comes from our knowledge of the means which the artist has employed, a pleasure which lies in our perception of the adaptation of the artist's method to the object which he has in view. It is mainly this interest, this pleasure, which I would like you to consider with me for a little to-night; dealing for the present with only one department of art, that of engraving on metal.

All art is, at best, a compromise—Nature is infinite; the artist's brain, and the tools that he holds in his hand and what he can do with these, are severely circumscribed and limited. At the most, he can only arrange and select this and that out of the abundance that surrounds him; catching here and there a stray sparkle of the radiancy that floods the face of visible things. For instance, this whole art of engraving starts with a 'great refusal.' At the very outset it frankly confesses that it is beyond its power to represent the colour of nature, this it at once resigns as beyond its possible scope. And we, in looking at an engraving, at once recognise

the limitation, the compromise, admit the inability of engraving to render, though it can *suggest*, the varied colours of nature; and set ourselves to enjoy those other qualities of natural things which the engraving has been able to cope with, and which, accordingly, it has rendered.

Now, as all engraving starts with this great limitation—the want of colour, so each special branch of engraving, line-engraving, etching, mezzotint, and the rest, has its own individual limitations, as well as its own special aptitudes; and these limitations and aptitudes condition the art, determine the particular aspects of nature and visible things which each branch of engraving is best fitted to render.

I propose, then, to examine, in order, the great methods of metal engraving; to describe, as simply and clearly as I can, their *technique* —the materials, tools, and methods by means of which they work; and to illustrate the manner in which these instruments and methods affect the result arrived at by the artist.

Engraving, in the restricted sense in which we are now considering it, engraving executed

on metal for the purpose of being inked and yielding impressions when stamped on paper, arose, gradually and naturally, out of the decorative enrichment of metal plates by means of incised lines. The goldsmiths of the fourteenth and fifteenth century were in the habit of producing works of niello, that is to say, metal plates intended for various decorative purposes, on which designs were inscribed with the graver, these lines being afterwards filled with a permanent black enamel, composed of silver, sulphur, borax, etc. Before filling their lines in this manner, the niellatori were in the habit of proving their work by means of impressions on wet clay, from which a sulphur cast was taken; and Maso Finiguerra, a famous goldsmith of Florence, is the first who is known to have inked and stamped his design upon paper, and so to have laid the foundations of metal engraving. The particular work which he so used was a Pax, or metal plate intended for receiving and communicating the ecclesiastical kiss of peace, made for the Church of San Giovanni in Florence, in 1452, which is still preserved in the Royal Gallery there. The method was adopted by other goldsmiths, and

several hundred of niello impressions, taken in this manner, have come down to us.

Soon metal plates began to be produced, not merely as decorative objects, but for the express purpose of yielding reversed impressions when inked and printed upon paper; and these plates were executed by various methods. There was, for instance, the *manière criblée*, or dotted manner, in which the design seems to have been expressed by many successive blows with a punch; and there was engraving in relief on metal; but, before long, all these curious processes, which need not here delay us, were abandoned for the grand, simple method known as Line-engraving.

In this method a plate of metal, usually and preferably a plate of copper, is employed; and into the smooth, highly-polished surface of this copper the design is cut with the instrument known as the burin or graver, a prism-shaped bar of steel, with a rounded handle, which rests in the engraver's hand, the motion being applied by means of his palm, and directed by his thumb and forefinger, which rest on either side of the graver, towards its point. This graver, as it moves over the metal, dislodges a thin strip of the copper, and

the furrow thus produced may be widened or deepened by successive cuts, the slight ridge or 'bur' that is raised being cleared away with the scraper. When the whole design has been incised on the metal in this manner, the plate is inked and then wiped, and passed through a printing-press, in contact with a damp sheet of paper, upon which the pressure transfers the ink that has remained in the lines sunk into the metal surface.

Now it is out of its technical processes, out of its tools and materials and the mode in which these are used, that the special artistic aptitudes of line-engraving arise. As we have said, the graver is *pushed* forward on the metal with the palm of the hand, not held in the most obviously natural way—that is, held freely between the fingers, as a pencil is held —and drawn with. Consequently it is a far less spontaneous, a far more laborious method of engraving than such a process as etching (to be afterwards described) in which the instrument used is held in the natural and ordinary way. The burin cannot follow immediately and instinctively the will of the engraver, or respond by a sudden waywardly curving line to his momentary impulse. The

line-engraver must think well of what he is about to do, resolve thoroughly on what he is to represent; and then drive home his line with premeditated certainty, broadening it, if need be, with repeated cuts at its edges. Line-engraving, too, is the most laborious of all engraver's methods. Four or five years is no uncommon period for a master to be employed upon an elaborate plate; and to attain even moderate skill requires not only great natural aptitude, but years of well-directed training and of unwearied application. The process, therefore, from the time which it necessitates, and from its want of immediate and visible response to the impulse of the artist, is not one that lends itself to direct work from nature; and, from the long practice which its *technique* requires, line-engraving has naturally fallen gradually into the hands of a special class of artists, who have devoted themselves to that method, and practically to that alone.

Line-engraving then we may style, *par excellence*, the classic mode of engraving; that which sets before itself clearly defined, well-restricted aims, and compasses these perfectly. Its highest function lies in translating into black and white, by the most careful, finished,

and accomplished method, the great masterpieces of the painter's art.

Line-engravers, as we have said, are now a special class of artists, devoted to this kind of artistic work, and, practically, to this alone. But the early engravers, both in Italy and Germany, those who succeeded the goldsmiths that originally discovered the process, were, almost to a man of them, painters as well. In the South there were Botticelli and Baldini, Fra Lippi, and Robetta; and here the early school culminates in the great personality of Marc Antonio, who reproduced the designs of Raphael, under the superintendence of the master's eye, and aided by his manual revision. In the North, the most eminent of the archaic practitioners of the art were Martin Schöngauer and Van Mecken, who were followed by Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden. But the aims of these early painter-engravers, as most of them were, of North and South Europe, were far simpler than the aims which their successors set before them. The earlier men did not attempt to copy their own painted works or those by other artists. They simply set themselves to produce a drawing on the copper, which when printed on paper could be widely

circulated; and these prints, as we know from various entries in Durer's Diary in the Netherlands, were sold as occasion offered by the engravers themselves. But as engravers gradually came to be a distinct class of artists, whose business it was to translate into black and white pictures painted by another hand, their aims became more complex. The earlier men simply represented form, outline, and the shades within that outline which served to express modelling; and, occasionally, they suggested some obvious facts of texture. But the later engravers, working from pictures, invented a whole elaborate system of tonality to represent various weights of colour. Thus, if they were engraving a blue mantle over a yellow dress, the former would be darker throughout than the latter; while Durer, and such men as he, if engaged upon a similar task, would simply have expressed both by white paper, giving dark lines only to render the folds, and the shadows which these cast.

Of this elaborate method of engraving in colour-tones we have admirably bold examples in the portraits by Peter Soutman, Cornelius van Dalen, and other seventeenth century engravers of the Low Countries, and by such men as

Nauteuil, Edelinck, and Masson, who were their contemporaries in France. (I may mention, in passing, that the productions of this great school of seventeenth century and eighteenth century line-engravers, are particularly well represented by a series of prints now on view in the larger upper room in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.) The influence of this school was felt very distinctly in England, men like John White, William Faithorne, and David Loggan founded their work very definitely upon continental practice, and they have left behind them an impressive multitude of engraved portraits, frequently done from the engraver's own drawing made from the life, portraits which possess the utmost interest as preserving the authentic features of noted Englishmen of the seventeenth century.

The subjects of the French figure-painters of the eighteenth century were almost as adequately translated into light and shade by such line-engravers as Le Bas, Laurent Cars, and Bernard Lépicié, as those of the portraitists had been; and in England, in the same century, Sir Robert Strange, a native of Orkney, produced dignified transcripts from Vandyck, from Raphael, and from the Post-Raphaelite

Italians; while in the succeeding century Abraham Raimbach, the London-born son of a Swiss, and John Burnet, a native of Edinburgh, engraved admirable renderings of the *genre* subjects of our Scottish Wilkie.

It was, however, in landscape that the English school of line-engraving attained its highest point. William Woollett, born 1735, worked excellently in line after Claude and Richard Wilson, catching with much quietude of method the silvery calm, the delicate gradation of classical scenes of smooth lake or stream overhung by breadth of placid sky, and proving himself not quite unfit to cope with these painters in the rarer moments when they portrayed the face of nature convulsed by storm. But before the century had closed Turner had arisen; and a new school of landscape engravers, possessed of new and more varied skill, was needed for the interpretation of his extended view of nature, in all its range, in all its infinitude of detail. First came Basire, and the other members of the already existing school of line-work, who engraved the more restricted subjects of Turner's earliest period; but by 1814 George and W. B. Cook were at work, in admirably

masculine fashion, upon Turner's 'Southern Coast' water-colours; and by 1824 William Miller, their pupil (our late townsman), had produced his exquisitely delicate 'Clovelly' from the same series. The 'England and Wales,' the 'Provincial Antiquities,' the 'Picturesque Tour in Italy,' the Rogers' 'Italy' and 'Poems,' the 'Annual Tours,' the works of 'Byron' and 'Scott,' and many larger single plates followed, the work of most accomplished engravers, like Wallis, W. B. Smith, Willmore and Brandard, combining etchings freely introduced in the more delicate portions of the plates, and using the burin line with a freedom which has never been surpassed, which has never even been approached except by the portrait-engravers of France to whom I have already referred. Among them all there was no more successful artist than William Miller, Turner's favourite engraver, whether on the inch-scale of a 'Rogers'' vignette, or on the more extended space of plates like 'The Grand Canal' or 'The Rhine,' 'Osterprey,' and 'Feltzen.' In the hands of these great artists the school of English landscape engraving in line culminated; with their death it ended.

We now pass to the second kind of engraving with which we have to deal, and come to consider the technical processes of Etching. Here the material upon which the etcher works is a plate of polished copper; but he does not, like the line-engraver, at once attack the bare metal surface with a pointed and cutting instrument. In etchings the plate is first coated with a film of mixed white wax, bitumen, pitch and resin, a composition capable of resisting the action of acid. This etching-ground, as it is called, is kneaded into a ball and enclosed in a piece of silk. The copper is then heated over a spirit-lamp; and as the ball is passed gently over its warmed surface, the ground melts, oozes through the silk, and is deposited in a thin transparent coating on the shining copper surface. It is next necessary to blacken this film of ground, in order that the etcher's line may be visible to him as he works; and this having been done by exposure to the smoke of a wick, the plate is ready to be drawn upon. The piece of steel which I now hold in my hand is the etching needle, its thick handle giving sufficient weight of metal to ensure an equal pressure of its point. With this needle,

held as a pencil is held, the design is drawn through the surface of smoke-blackened ground, but not at all—or, at anyrate, as little as may be—*into* the copper. In its passage the point removes the black surface, and discloses an exquisitely delicate line of the shining copper beneath. I have no words beautiful enough to describe this line, so free is it, so graceful, so full of refinement and spirit, so infinitely and subtly varied, as though it responded at once to the artist's very thought rather than to his mere hand. Shall we imagine some superb, rosy, Venetian beauty with a wealth of ardently golden hair; and fancy that, out of all this lady's clustering wealth of yellow tresses, one single thread has fallen upon her robe of blackest velvet, and lies there, fine beyond words, and full of flowing curvature, yet—in the midst of its long-drawn tensity — perfectly, definitely golden still? Well, you have there something, for grace, and lightness, and freedom, that you may think of along with the etching-needle's line, as it lies shining upon the blackened copper. And remember that all this freedom and exquisite grace is preserved by the line when it has been bitten by

acid into the copper, and when, again, by means of printer's ink, it has been transferred to paper.

The next step is to bite the plate; and this is effected, after protecting its back and sides by a coating of Brunswick black, by immersing it in a bath of nitric acid mixed with an equal volume of water, which attacks and corrodes the lines of the copper exposed by the passage of the etching needle through the varnished ground. When the lightest lines of the design have been bitten of a sufficient depth, the plate is removed from the acid-bath; these lines are protected by being covered with Brunswick black, the plate is returned to the bath, and the rest of its lines are subjected to continued biting; and this process of 'stopping-out' is repeated as often as necessary, for the deeper the lines are bitten the more ink they retain in printing, and, consequently, the blacker is the impression which they yield. Finally, the plate is removed from the bath, the ground of blackened varnish is cleared away with turpentine, and the lines are found incised on the copper surface, in varying depths, according to the longer or shorter periods during

which they have been exposed to the action of the acid. The plate is now ready to have the printer's ink applied to its surface; and, after the metal has been warmed above a spirit-lamp, this is done by means of a cloth dabber, the superfluous ink being removed with canvas, softer cloths, and, finally, with the palm of the hand; and, in the case of their choicest proofs, Mr. Whistler, and all the best etchers, like themselves to do the inking and printing. Do you remember that grand old story of the hero who was set to fight a loathly dragon-worm of the sea? And he dived through the billows into the creature's den, and smote there, fiercely and frantically with his sword, and yet no least dint appeared on the scaly form. And he smote again, and yet more mightily; and his blade only shivered into atoms against the adamantine hide. And then, at last, he cast buckler and weapon alike aside, and grappled the creature with his naked hands, and flung the whole weight of his human body prostrate upon the writhing coils, and crushed the dragon-worm to death, and so gat him the victory. The legend, the fable, has a profound significance, a true and deep bearing upon human life, and upon every sphere of human

endeavour—and upon none more definitely than upon art. Here, above all, the impress of the artist's personality, the naked touch of the very man, is the one supreme and sovereign thing. See how constantly the law holds good; how it runs into the minutest things; how even in the inking of an etched copper-plate you must use your hand, if you would do your very best. And your hand must be no hard or horny one. Mr. Hamerton, I think it is he, tells us that the ideal instrument for the purpose would be 'the velvet hand of a duchess.'

Well, to return to our etched copper-plate. Having been wiped, the ink remains in its lines, and only there and on such portions of the flat surface of the plate as have been definitely selected for that purpose by the etcher and printer. The plate is next passed through the printing-press, with a piece of damp paper in contact with it; and the ink is thus transferred to the paper from the etched lines and from those portions of the smooth metal surface upon which the ink has been allowed to remain.

Now, from what I have said about the technical processes of etchings, about the

special qualities of the etched line; how it can be laid with a speed possible to no other engraved line; how it combines crisp clearness with delicacy, sensitiveness, and flexibility to a degree attained by no other line available to the artist, it follows that etching is the supreme engraver's method for *sketching;* the one method, with results capable of multiplication by the printing-press, which lends itself inherently and obviously to rapid memoranda of natural effects, to swift studies of passing human gesture and expression. An etching may be 'finished,' as the phrase is, but the best etchings have not been; they deal with few lines; but, in the hands of a master of the Art, each of these is laid with unerring precision, with the finest selection, each is made to express the very most that a single line can possibly express, each tells us as much as possible of the personal impression produced upon the etcher by the scene or the figure that was before him.

First, and above all things, etching is a personal art, expressive of the individuality of the artist, and expressing this directly and immediately without any thought at all of prettiness, or of finish for the mere sake of

finish. I have called line-engraving the classic form of the art—classic in its quietude, in the ordered patience of its methods, in the natural subordination of its practitioner to the mind of the artist who furnished the painting or design which by slowly acquired skill, applied with the patience of long-continued effort, the line-engraver slowly transcribes. And so, too, etching—in its speed and its sensitiveness, the mind of him who holds its needle visibly governing every line of it, as the morning wind governs the films of cloud that drift before it,—so etching may be styled the romantic method of engraving, the method in which the personality of the artist is most fully disclosed;—an art delightful indeed when its technique has been fully grasped and has become the obedient exponent of the artist's personality, and when that personality which the technique reveals is a worthy one; an art, let it be added, unparalleled among the methods of engraving in the facilities it affords for insensitive blundering, one in which the blunderer, especially if he be a bold one, may, with quite extreme celerity, 'write himself down an ass.' For the facility of a process serves only the man of skill. To him it is the

swift chariot that bears him speedily to his goal; to the tyro the facility of a process is no more than a trap, a means of speedy catastrophe.

The process of etching was used by Dürer in some of the later of his prints; but Rembrandt (1607-1669) is the first master who extensively employed the method; and in the extent, variety, and power of his work undoubtedly the greatest etcher that ever lived. Ostade and other Dutch painters also etched with great skill, and there are some noble plates by Claude, preserving much of that delicacy of sky-effects that is characteristic of his painted landscapes. Vandyck etched the heads of a series of portraits, which are greatly prized for their simple and direct manner, and fetch large prices in the states before the work of the tame engravers that completed them had been added; and in our own country in Charles I.'s time Hollar produced an immense number of plates of very high quality. Up to the middle of the present century the process, in its right direction and true capabilities, was wellnigh lost, till its revival in France by that great genius Meryon, and by men like Lalanne, Braquemond, Daubigny,

Appian, and Charles Jacque; while in our own country the most fresh and delightful etched plates have been produced by Mr. Whistler, a Paris-trained American painter, and by Seymour Haden, a London surgeon in large practice, who, in an enforced withdrawal from professional labour, took to the process as a pastime, and produced work acknowledged on all hands as among the most spirited and excellent ever done.

But in addition to original work from nature, much has been done in recent years in reproductive etching; and quite a distinct professional class of etchers has arisen working from the pictures painted by other men. In the hands of thoroughly accomplished etchers like Flaming, Waltner, Rajon, and, I may add, our own countryman, Mr. Hole, the results have been most successful, and have proved the capabilities of the art as a method of engraving possessing greater spirit and freedom of line, greater volume of blackness in its shadows, than is at the command of line-engraving. The reproductive etcher works in truest sympathy with the especial capabilities of his process when he does not attempt to follow slavishly the original before him, when

he does not copy it, tone for tone, like the line-engraver, trusting for his impression on the spectator to general effect at a distance when each individual line has been lost sight of, and when all have blended into various gradated tints, but rather when he emphasises his line frankly and obviously, giving a free translation of what in the picture can be most tellingly caught by that special artistic means which he is employing.

We now pass to consider the third method of engraving, namely, Dry-point. Here, again, as was the case in Line-engraving, no acid is used; the artist begins at once upon his bare plate of polished copper. His implement is an etching-needle, ground with rather more of a cutting edge than is possessed by the rounded point used for work to be afterwards bitten with the acid. With this sharpened needle, held much like a pencil, the dry-pointer scratches his design into the copper. The result of this scratching is to tear an incised line in the metal, and to throw up on either side of this line a ridge or 'bur' of displaced copper, which in this process is not cut out and removed entirely, or all but entirely, as was the case when the burin of the line-engraver

was employed. Now Dry-point can be used in two different, and indeed directly opposite manners—either *with* or *without* the 'bur.' When the 'bur' is left on the surface of the plate, it catches the ink as the plate is being wiped, thickens the line by the addition of a dark ridge on either side of it, and prints a rich velvety black. In this it resembles Mezzotint (a process I shall presently describe), but with one important difference, that *gradation* is exceedingly difficult to obtain in dry-point, but perfectly easy and natural in mezzotint. Dry-point with the bur, accordingly, when used in harmony with the specific aptitudes of the process, must depend not on subtle and delicate *gradation* like mezzotint, but upon *emphasis* and *brilliancy*, upon sharp effective contrasts of the full velvety blackness of the printing-ink with the clear, shining high-lights of the white, untouched paper. But dry-point may be used *without the bur*, and delicate half-tints may be introduced into a dry-point plate by scratching slightly with the needle, and then removing the ridge of bur with a scraper.

As the dry-point line is produced by *scratching into the copper*, it falls far short of the

freedom of the etched line, which passes without the slightest obstacle through a mere film of varnish; nor does it possess an aptitude for describing wide, calm, sweeping curves, like the line of the burin, whose prism-shaped edge is pushed forward, and cuts out its strip of metal cleanly. Accordingly the most typical use of dry-point with the bur removed is for sharp touches, short lines, by means of which tone is attained, and delicate modelling is expressed.

A complete account of metal-engraving would include consideration of the process of Stipple, familiar to you in Bartolozzi's prints, and of the process of Aquatint, but neither process is now much employed; and we must pass to the last important method of engraving to which I shall ask your attention to-night—to Mezzotint. Here the metal plate is not attacked at once with the engraver's instrument, nor is it prepared for the engraver's use by being covered with a ground of varnish. The polished plate of metal is worked all over with a tool, styled a 'rocker,' which has the effect of tearing up its entire surface into innumerable minute depressions, and into innumerable minute points or elevations, formed by

the metal raised out of these depressions, and the roughness so produced is termed the 'bur.'

The effect of this treatment is, that if the plate were inked and passed through the printing-press in contact with a damp sheet of paper, this paper would be stained of a uniform black tint. When the plate has been thus roughened, it is ready to be handed to the mezzotinter, who grasps his scraper, a sharp-edged instrument, and gradually scrapes away the 'bur,' in proportion as he wishes to introduce light into his engraving. In the portions that are intended to print quite white, that are to be the highest lights of his engraving, he removes the whole of the raised points or bur: in those portions that are to print black and be the deepest shadows of his engraving, he allows the bur to remain quite untouched; and so on, proportionately, in the intermediate parts, between highest light and deepest shadow. In this way the engraver is able to work with the greatest delicacy and precision of gradation, from the full darks of the loaded printer's ink, to the perfect white yielded by the paper which bears no stain of ink at all. Accordingly, the especial qualities of a mezzotint are

richness, delicate gradation, and that painter-like quality which comes from the mezzotinter being able to work, just as the painter himself worked, by means of tints and spaces, and not by the more conventional means of lines, as is the case in most other kinds of engraving.

It was long believed that the method of mezzotint was discovered by Prince Rupert—Rupert the dashing cavalier, the hero of a hundred fiery charges, who was almost as deeply interested in scientific pursuits as in the noble, the deadly, art of war. More recent research, however, has shown that the invention was due to Ludwig von Siegen, son of a German by a Spanish mother, born at Utrecht in 1609. In 1642 he completed the portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, widow regent of Hesse-Cassel, which he forwarded to the young Landgrave Wilhelm VI., with a letter indicating his method of engraving, in which 'only small points and not a single line can be perceived.' In 1654 Von Siegen was in Brussels, and there he communicated the process to Prince Rupert, who himself scraped some fifteen plates. One of these is given in the 'Sculptura' of John Evelyn, where that author informs us

that the Prince 'was pleased to cause the instruments to be expressly fitted, to show me with his own hands how to conduct and manage them on the plate,' and professes himself 'willing *sub sigillo*, and by his Highness's permission, to gratify any curious and worthy person with a full and perfect demonstration of the entire art' of this method of 'graving without a graver, burin, point, or aquafortis.' The process was very admirably used in Holland, notably by Abraham Blooteling. Among its earliest practitioners in England were Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and Francis Place, born at Durham in 1650; while the innumerable plates by John Smith are both excellent technically, and of interest as preserving the portraiture of the most prominent seventeenth century Englishmen. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the art attained the highest excellence in our country, and acquired that title of 'the English method' by which mezzotint is frequently known abroad. It was used by men like William Pether and Richard Earlom to reproduce the works of Rembrandt, whose concentrated lighting and broad simple distribution of shadow was admirably fitted for

translation into black and white by mezzotint; and Earlom also employed the process with marvellous delicacy in reproducing the elaborate flower-pieces of the Dutch painters of still-life. Next there arose the noble school of mezzotint-engravers that rendered the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, including Raphael Smith, William Dickenson, Valentine Green, James Watson, and W. S. Reynolds, a school the younger members of which, like Charles Turner, lived long enough to reproduce the portraits of our Scottish Raeburn, and to take part in the 'Liber Studiorum' of Turner the painter, to which I shall presently refer more particularly.

The last great mezzotints executed in our country were those reproducing the landscapes of Constable, issued by Lucas, an accomplished mezzotinter, about the middle of the century. The rolling sun-lit or storm-shadowed clouds of this painter, his dew-drenched meadows, his largely touched foliage, his broad spaces of sedgy stream, seem made for reproduction by this method; and Constable himself eagerly supervised the progress of each plate, and used to write his engraver in enthusiastic fashion, exclaiming: 'How I wish I had mastered the process, how I wish I could tear away on the metal like you!'

Before quitting the subject of Mezzotint, I would like to say a very few words regarding the wonderful series of the 'Liber Studiorum,' executed by Turner and the engravers who aided him, in combined etching and mezzotint. Claude, a landscape painter, against whom Turner was continually measuring himself, was in the habit of making, for purposes of record and identification, sketches of his chief painted landscapes—drawings in which the form was indicated by a pen line, and the light and shade added with the brush by a wash of sepia. These were engraved by Earlom in the end of the last century, from the originals in the Duke of Devonshire's collections, the pen line being imitated by etching, and the brush wash by mezzotint. It was in rivalry with this series that Turner published from 1807 to 1819 his great 'Liber Studiorum' plates. In the preparation of these he first made a washed sepia drawing of each subject, and then etched, rather deeply by the ordinary method already described, the main lines upon a copper plate. This was usually done with his own hand, and a few copies of this etched state of the plate were printed, and form the best examples of a direct, powerful, and selective use of the line in landscape subjects that could possibly be

presented to the student. The plate was then prepared with the 'rocker,' and the mezzotint light and shade added, sometimes by Turner himself, more commonly, under his close personal supervision, by the professional engravers whom he employed. The result was a series, executed in combined mezzotint and etching, of the most remarkable landscape engravings ever produced, which show the wonderful range and variety of the master's art, and form an imperishable monument of his genius.

And now, in ending, permit me very briefly to recapitulate what I have said regarding the technical methods, and consequent artistic capabilities of the four great processes of Metal Engraving.

1. LINE ENGRAVING.—Produced by *pushing* a cutting instrument along a bare plate of polished metal. *Its qualities*—deliberate finish and quietly calculated precision. *Its most fitting application*—the translation into black and white of pictures by the great masters whose effect depends mainly upon excellence of form.

2. ETCHING.—Produced by drawing lightly with a point through a thin film of varnish covering a metal plate. *Its qualities*—the

greatest possible freedom, variety, and spirit of line. *Its most fitting application*—fresh and sensitive work, done directly from nature, and preserving the charm of an instinctive sketch.

3. DRY-POINT.—Produced by scratching a line and tearing up a ridge upon the bare metal. *Its qualities*—sharp opposition of lights and darks, when used with the 'bur,' very delicate, but not *free* lining when used with the 'bur' removed. *Its most fitting application*—vivid transcript of nature in such subjects as depend for effect on sharp and brilliant oppositions of light and shade.

4. MEZZOTINT.—Produced by gradually smoothing a plate of roughened metal, working from dark to light. *Its qualities*—perfect gradation from deepest shadow to most telling light. *Its most fitting application*—the translation into black and white of the works of the great masters which depend for their effect upon powerful and telling chiaroscuro.

If you keep these few brief *dicta* in your memory, and employ them to test the various prints that are submitted to you, they will add a new interest to your examination of a portfolio of engravings.

A FRAGMENT

SPECIALLY delightful is it to find a gay and lightsome spirit in the aged. We know some old people in whose company it is a very pleasure to be, who give in their very selves one of the best arguments we know for man's immortality—because they are really growing younger and younger as the years roll on, and are gathering to themselves more and more all that is best of childhood.

It is right that we should cultivate in ourselves an appreciation for little things and an enjoyment in them. It is wise that we should do so, for great occasions of good fortune come seldom, but little ones come to us day by day and sustain and cheer us like daily bread. Prosperity seldom comes upon a man suddenly and in full volume, like a mighty rushing wind; and when it so comes, it disquiets and perturbs more than strengthens him, but little occasions come like the gentle 'piping winds'

of spring, gentle and subtle, a breath of life to all. One man will derive more pleasure from a walk among budding trees than another does from owning the forest. One man will derive more gratification from the glimpse which he catches of a photograph in a shop-window, than another gets from his galleries of paintings. The thing required is the heart to feel the inner beauty, the ear to hear the inner harmonies, the eye to see the rhythmic dance of all things; and if we keep our natures finely trained and ever on the watch, a very slight occasion will cause us to vibrate with far more delicious harmony than a much greater cause would do on a less delicately strung nature.

THE END

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